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NEWS OF THE WEEK

THE Council of the League of Nations by Thursday, September 3rd, had disposed of formal business and was ready for its most important work—the discussion of its Commissioners' Report upon Mosul. M. Briand presided and the Turkish delegate made a long speech in which he accused Great Britain of naval and military acts which were incorrect and aggressive. Mr. Amery satisfactorily disposed of these protests and proceeded to deal admirably with the Report of the League Commission. He showed that he did not agree with everything in it, but he brought clearly forward the real conclusions and treated them with the respect due to them, that is as being the recommendations for which Great Britain and Turkey had asked the League and by which they were consequently bound to be guided, though the Turkish delegate avoided committing himself to acceptance. By far the most important declaration on behalf of the British Government was that if Mosul was to be joined to Iraq in the future Great Britain would accept the enlarged and prolonged mandate, not necessarily for the twenty-five years tentatively suggested by the Commission, but until the League declared the mandate at an end as intended by the Covenant.

Mr. Amery took up the Commission's deprecation of any partition of the Mosul area and went further, saying that the frontier which the Commission had so lukewarmly suggested as a *pis aller* was, in fact, an impossible one from all points of view. In his answer on behalf of Turkey Tewfik Bey abused Great Britain generally and declared that the people of Mosul desired union with Turkey. He blamed the mandatory system and raised cleverly the questions whether the Anglo-Iraq Treaty was consistent with a mandate from the League, and whether, if Mosul were still a technically Turkish territory, the League had any right now to put it under a mandate. The report was then referred to a Committee of the three delegates of Sweden, Spain and Uruguay. Other matters dealt with by Committees or the Council were the opium traffic, the protection of women and children in the Near East, minorities in Lithuania, and Austrian finance.

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The sixth session of the Assembly of the League was opened by M. Painlevé on Monday. He did not disguise the hankering of France after the Protocol, but spoke encouragingly of the Pact and incidentally of the entry of Germany into the League. Later on Senator Dandurand, the Canadian delegate, was elected President for the session and spoke with dignity in English and French. The question of the Pact has formed not only the subject of debate in the Assembly but also of those conversations between Foreign Ministers which are a valuable offshoot of the League's meetings at Geneva. Mr. Chamberlain and M. Briand went on Monday to see Mr. Baldwin at Aix-les-Bains. There is every reason to hope that the ground is being prepared very favourably for the Conference which will be held towards the end of this month, possibly at Lausanne. There is now no doubt that Signor Mussolini also intends to be present.

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The identic Notes of the Powers concerned were handed to the Peking Foreign Office on Friday, September 4th. They insist on the Chinese Government realizing its responsibility for the protection of foreign rights as safeguarded by the existing treaties, but express the willingness of each Power to modify the treaties. We must urge again that if there is to be a Judicial Inquiry into the Shanghai shooting, no time should be lost in arranging it. Equally, we trust that, apart from the new Notes, arrangements are really being pressed forward to pick up the loose threads hanging from the Washington Conference, and to hold the long delayed Tariff Conference. This should be the first step and should develop into something more, almost into a second Washington Conference, to be held at Peking or, as Sir John Jordan would prefer, at Shanghai. The difficulty of negotiating with China in her present state of misgovernment by rival soldieries is tremendous. Possibly by demanding a real representative authority we, the foreign nations concerned, shall create one and gradually solve the difficulty.

The British Minister, Sir Ronald Macleay, is now well enough to return as our chief delegate to the Conference. As financial adviser he will have Col. Sydney Peel, who after distinguishing himself as a scholar at Eton and Oxford made his career in the City before the War. He fought with his Yeomanry and later did financial work in the Foreign Office and at the Peace Conference. The qualifications of the commercial delegate, Mr. K. D. Stewart, seem to be admirable, since he has been a prominent member of the British Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai and is now one of the Manchester Chamber.

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The relations between the United States, China and Japan are complicated by the dispute over the rights and the desires of the three nations in regard to wireless telegraphy. The Japanese station of Messrs. Mitsui at Peking, the Chinese National Company and the American Federal Company are in disagreement over rights of transmission across China. We trust that this will not be allowed to influence greater matters. We thankfully record the release last week of the missionaries held by bandits in the interior, but two British journalists from Hong Kong have been outrageously treated in Canton by the strikers and fresh riots are reported in Shanghai.

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We are sorry, though not altogether surprised, to see that the Trades Union Congress at Scarborough was opened on Monday with a presidential address emphasizing the false and barren doctrine of inevitable conflict between employers and employed. Mr. A. B. Swales, the president, who is connected with the engineering trades, envisages the future of trade unionism as one of strife and "revolt," rather than of co-operation in the interests of the trade by which we all live. He invited the "workers" to follow the example of Russia and Mexico—both of them distracted countries which are imploring foreign capital to come to their aid. He found pleasure in the disorders in the Far East, as signs, so he thought, of "a world movement rising in revolt and determined to shake off the shackles of world slavery." He declared, quite untruly, that employers were "still plotting and planning to undermine trade union standards." All this is nonsense, and pernicious nonsense, because it diverts the average trade unionist's attention from the real question of the day, which is, how to increase production and to enlarge our exports. Better trade will bring higher wages and prosperity to all. Mr. Swales's panacea would make us all poorer and more miserable, as the Russian people have found.

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The divergence—if we may not yet call it a split—between the Parliamentary Labour Party and the Trade Union General Council was illustrated in the opening debate on the Council's proposal to build new headquarters and to separate its political and "research" or propaganda departments from those of the Labour Party. Mr. Cramp, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Brownlie and Mr. Ammon took exception to the proposal, on the ground that it would obviously create rivalries in a movement that could only succeed if it were united. But the Council, supported by the miners' leader, Mr. Herbert Smith, had its way, though a vague promise was given to the effect that it would not use the powers accorded to it until after fresh consultation with the Parliamentary Party. On Tuesday, the extremists proposed to empower the General Council to call out the members of any union without consulting them, and to feed the strikers through the Co-operative Wholesale Society. But this very dangerous resolution, which Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. T. E. Naylor vigorously criticised, was referred to the Council. Its members may profitably consider whether the average trade unionist would drop his tools at any moment at the bidding of an irresponsible British Soviet. We doubt it. On Wednesday a resolution in favour of unions progressively combining into one big union was defeated, but the Congress passed another in favour of "developing and strengthening workshop organization."

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The names of the Royal Commissioners upon the coal industry were published last week. Sir Herbert Samuel has agreed to act as Chairman. The considerable position that he had made for himself at home by his ability and hard work before he went to Palestine, his public spirit and his detachment from home politics for the last five years are excellent qualifications. Of his colleagues, Sir William Beveridge is well known as a theoretical economist with a wide and varied experience of practical work too, to whom the social questions involved will make a strong appeal. Sir Herbert Lawrence has made his mark in finance, but the great military qualities which he has displayed prove him to be a man who can turn a powerful brain and great energy into more than one direction. Mr. Kenneth Lee is a man of wide commercial repute who also knows the North of England intimately.

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The expert assessors of the Commission include Mr. Brace, who has been a coal miner, a trade union official, and an Under-Secretary in the Coalition Government. We cannot believe that the miners of the country will not be satisfied that he will represent the views and interests of the Miners' Federation fairly and energetically and with much greater weight than any of the less experienced men who have come forward lately as prominent leaders in their Federation. The others are:—Dr. Walcot Gibson, a distinguished Geologist, Dr. Lander, a scientist who has been working as Director of Fuel Research, and Major Hudspeth, a Divisional Inspector of Mines. These men ought to inspire confidence by their knowledge of the past, present and possible future of the industry.

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We hope that they will get quickly to work upon their enquiry. Nothing is worse for any industry than prolonged uncertainty as to its future. The Coal Industry is confronted by nine months at any rate of uncertainty, during which great harm may accrue. Whenever the State interferes with commerce or industry those who are engaged in them face uncertain results of the interference, whether it be a Coal Commission or negotiations for a commercial treaty with Moscow; they are inclined to stop all new enterprise until they see whether they will gain by waiting for new conditions, or whether their enterprise will be made unprofitable after they are committed to it.

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A month ago we pointed out that neither subventions nor Commissions can bring back lost markets or create new ones. It is also certain that the public will not in present conditions put fresh capital into coal mines. But we do urge the colliery owners to struggle against the natural temptation to procrastination and torpor during the coming months. We beg them not to relax efforts to find markets and still more to keep up the efficiency of the pits and even to improve machinery, undeterred by fears that nationalization or other schemes may rob them of their fair return. There are risks for themselves, but let them take the risks for the country's sake, and, we hope, for their own benefit. Equally, we hope that the colliers will support

their employers in the same spirit. The cost of the subvention for August is estimated at £1,800,000.

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In Morocco the French and the Spaniards co-operated last week in a bombardment of the coast round Alhucemas, and Spanish troops after one repulse made a landing there on Tuesday. Abd-el-Krim seems to strike blows which must be very distracting to those who try to prepare a concentration against him. Marshal Lyautey remains in Paris, leaving Marshal Pétain a free hand in the field. The news from Syria is very confused and Paris seems to get less information than other capitals. This inevitably arouses the suspicion, which we hope is mistaken, that General Sarrail's reports are withheld from the public by the Government. Ever since the disorders when Lord Balfour visited Damascus, we have felt that there was serious discontent of which the trouble with the Druses is not an isolated symptom, though the most serious one that has yet flared up. The French cannot feel comfortable in having to rely so much on Moslem troops in Syria and Morocco.

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The strike of seamen in widely distant ports has been comparatively feeble in its effects in this country. Southampton was the worst spot in Great Britain. The Channel services thence were interrupted one night and there were threatenings of civil disorder. But throughout the country there seemed to be plenty of men who respect the agreement made in their name. In Australia summonses have been issued in Melbourne and Adelaide against large batches of strikers for disobeying their lawful orders. At Cape Town ships are still detained and the mails are delayed. In Canada, Mr. Havelock Wilson has been received by a small section with the basest ingratitude for the services he has rendered for many years.

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The Prince of Wales, after seeing something of the rural life and sports of the vast Argentine plains, crossed the Andes by train and reached Santiago, the capital of Chile, on Sunday night. The "English of the South," as the Chileans are often called from their national vigour and daring, gave the Prince a hearty welcome; it was noted that the cold and rainy weather was typically English. We may be sure that the Prince's visit will strengthen the old friendship that has subsisted between Great Britain and Chile since the days, now over a century ago, when Admiral Lord Cochrane and many British sailors and soldiers volunteered for service in the Chilean War of Independence. The Prince's long tour is now in its last stage. As the Ambassador of the Empire he has once again done great work for the nation. We could have wished that he had had time to pay a brief visit also to Brazil, the third of the great South American Republics, with whom we have had so long and true a friendship. But doubtless it was thought that the Prince's journey was already unduly prolonged. Brazil, too, is not for the moment engaging in any State functions.

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The Admiralty has decided to stop all activities in the dockyards of Rosyth and Pembroke. With greatly reduced staffs they will be maintained in a dormant state from which they could be readily awakened to full activity in time of need. The wholesale discharges of men will put their Members of Parliament in a difficult position, since they can hardly call for warlike preparations or denounce any economy which is recommended. They are likely to demand that Chatham, Sheerness, or Portsmouth should suffer first. Pembroke has been threatened before and may have felt that its distance from Continental aerodromes had raised its value. Rosyth may have felt confidence as the newest of our great naval bases, though it can be said on the other hand that it has fulfilled its function since the German fleet has ceased to exist. It will be argued against Chatham that it was built against the Dutch, no longer a great naval Power, and that it is exposed to air attacks. Portsmouth was developed in the wars against France, now our ally. Their purpose is defence and the matter must be decided by the Admiralty on naval grounds; but hardship seems to be inevitable somewhere.

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We greatly regret the death of M. Viviani, a valued friend during the War to whom France and her Allies owed much. Born in Algeria, he came to France and was soon recognized as a brilliant lawyer and journalist. He began his political life as an evolutionary Socialist co-operating with MM. Millerand and Briand. He held office under MM. Clemenceau, Briand and Doumergue, and became Prime Minister in June, 1914, holding also the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Thus he came to accompany M. Poincaré to Russia in July and returned to Paris four days before he received the German declaration of war, the end of his efforts to avert it. A month later he made up his coalition Government of National Defence and held on through all the intense difficulties until October, 1915, when he served under M. Briand again and then under M. Ribot, retiring in 1917. Later he paid official visits to the United States and was one of the best of the French representatives at the meetings of the League of Nations. He was a great orator, who used his gifts nobly in encouraging his country through some of her worst hours.

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We deeply sympathize with the United States in the loss of lives and of the airship 'Shenandoah,' which occurred in a violent storm last week. The huge ship, designed and built in the United States closely upon the lines of the Zeppelins, was cruising over Ohio when the storm seems to have suddenly lifted her two or three thousand feet higher than she was. The difference of pressure caused the helium gas to explode and she broke in pieces. We have no means of comparing the difficulties that brought about this disaster with those that were overcome by the British airship which a few months ago had its "nose" torn away and was blown across the North Sea and returned in safety. There is also reason to fear that a flying boat of the United States Navy has been lost in the Pacific Ocean.

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The transfer of the famous library at the Parliament House, Edinburgh, from the Faculty of Advocates to the nation, by virtue of a recent Act, deserves to be noted. It is curious that Scotland, with its traditional zeal for learning, should only now be assuming responsibility for the National Library which the Scottish lawyers have maintained for nearly three centuries at their own expense. The Faculty is no longer able to bear the heavy burden. But the trustees for the nation will surely be able to raise a substantial endowment fund, and money also for a new library building, which has long been needed. Generous contributions have already been made by Sir Alexander Grant, Lord Rosebery, and others, and Scotland should have in the near future a National Library in a commodious and stately home.

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Bank Rate, 4½ per cent., changed from 5 per cent. on August 6th, 1925. War Loan (5 per cent.) was on Thursday 101 ⅝; on Thursday week 101 ⅞; a year ago 101¾. Funding Loan (4 per cent.) was on Thursday 88⅞; on Thursday week 89¼; a year ago 90⅛. Conversion Loan (3½ per cent.) was on Thursday 76 ⅛; on Thursday week 76½; a year ago 77½x.d.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE BOUNDARY PROBLEM

IF we are to believe the rumours in the newspapers, the Boundary Commission will before long make the decision which it is alleged will, in obedience to the various Acts of Parliament concerned, constitute in the future the boundary of Northern Ireland. In other words, by a procedure hitherto unknown to the Constitution we shall see the majority decision of a Commission operate to repeal in part an Act of Parliament which left Northern Ireland within the United Kingdom entrusted with a legislature of its own. Whether this procedure is or is not *ultra vires*, whether, that is, the British Parliament can without the consent of the Northern Parliament alter the area originally assigned for self-government by the statute constituting the Province of Northern Ireland, I shall not discuss at length to-day. To do so might be to invoke passions which I most devoutly hope may remain uninvoked. It is obvious, however, that it is a matter of great Imperial importance and may raise fears and anxieties throughout the Empire. It is possible, no doubt, to allege that for the sovereign Parliament at Westminster the term *ultra vires* is unknown, and to insist that the said Parliament may if it chooses alter the boundaries of the Dominions, but unquestionably the creation of such a precedent would cause irritation throughout the Empire. Remember, too, that any decision which has to be enforced against the will of the Northern Parliament will not be the decision of a body like the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, already known and acknowledged as one of the ties of Empire, but of an *ad hoc* body, to the appointment of which there was no consent on the part of the Northern Province—a body which (again if we are to believe the newspaper rumours) will give its decision by a bare majority, or in effect, by the voice of the Chairman alone. That Chairman is a judge of high distinction and great impartiality of intention; but, all the same, the fact remains that whenever the other two Commissioners are divided in point of view, the decision which the British Government will be asked to enforce will be a one-man decision.

Consider first the kind of situation which may arise if we abandon the idea of a solution by general consent, and are brought face to face with the necessity of enforcing in arms the decisions of the Commission. I confess that a situation of that kind fills my mind with a sense of deep anxiety. No good can come out of it to anyone or any cause. The solution of blood and iron, if it is a solution, will be one by which every side must lose. Does Mr. Cosgrave, a man worthy of all respect, believe that he is going to bring political health and happiness to Ireland by insisting upon his pound of flesh? I have no doubt that his prime object is to reunite Ireland and to turn the Island into a single Dominion within the Empire. No doubt the Southern Republicans would scoff at this notion and declare that the only settlement worth having is complete independence and that the proper treatment for those traitors to Ireland who hold an opposite ideal, whether in the North or the South, is extermination.

Surely the wiser minds of the South must see that the enforcement of a decision which, rightly or wrongly, the North refuses to accept, puts an end for ever to this ideal of Irish unity. Even if force is successfully invoked by the Free State, the triumph will only be temporary. If the North were to be beaten in the field, they would never cease their efforts to get the Imperial Parliament to repeal the Acts under which force was employed to hold them down. They would, in a word, offer and maintain a passive resistance which must be the ruin of Ireland. But ruin will not only come in the way I have just indicated. We may be quite sure that if the Southern Irish demand their pound of flesh, the very large body of public opinion here which is with the North will insist, and will have the power to insist, that the principle of the pound of flesh must be applied to the South also. Remember the financial concessions which have been made to the Free State—concessions which I venture to think the ordinary public here has not yet realized. Immediately coercion is applied to the North, the Free State will be called upon to carry out to the very letter the financial obligations placed upon it by Act of Parliament. This is not a matter of a few pounds, but of millions.

These things are bad enough. But even more serious are the difficulties in which the Imperial Government will find itself if the decision of the Commission is given before a compromise is reached by consent.

Suppose the Cabinet is called on by the Free State to use physical force to carry out the majority decisions of the Boundary Commission. They must then decide either to treat those decisions as waste paper, or to enforce them. Remember, however, that enforcement cannot be attained by local action. The only possible way will be to treat the Northern Province as in rebellion, pour a quarter of a million troops into it *via* Belfast, and, if resistance to such landings are made, lay Belfast and its shipyards in ashes by a naval bombardment. Indolently minded people may say that this is all hot air, but in truth it is not so. Unless the British Government is to do that very dangerous thing—issue orders and do nothing when they are disobeyed, hard and rapid blows are the only way. But does anyone think that the public here would see without a thrill of horror sufficient to overthrow any Government the destruction of Belfast? To say that the Northern Protestants have brought it upon themselves by their resistance is not going to mend matters. The idea, which I believe some people entertain, that we might temporarily occupy the disputed areas, hand them over to the Free State and evacuate is an idle dream. The moment the evacuation took place the Northern Government would insist upon re-occupation. But that would, of course, mean an armed campaign in which the North would be pitted against the South. That could only be avoided by our troops remaining. But how long would the people of this country consent to keep a huge army on a war footing in the southern part of the Northern Province at an extra cost of several millions a year, and with not the least hope of being able to get out of this hideous *quasi*-corridor for thirty or forty years? The whole thing is so bad that one hardly dare consider such speculations as these. I feel as Tocqueville felt in the worst period of "the Days of June," *i.e.*, when Paris was drenched in blood and fire. His only consolation was to remember the words of Condé during the religious wars. Condé declared "We must perish, if we were not so near to perishing." The great soldier and patriot felt that all sides must agree to stop fighting and save the nation in mere self-preservation. If not, the whole country would go under and never be able to revive.

Once again, the only solution is agreement by consent before the publication of the decisions of the Commission are promulgated. If a serious effort is made at compromise and conciliation, as I think there must be, I would urge in every possible way upon my friends among the people of the North that they, too, should avoid asking for their full pound of flesh. I fully admit that their case

is legally and morally a very strong one, and that they have been unfairly as wel as stupidly treated throughout this whole wretched business. They were loyal and reasonable. They did not insist that the whole Province of Ulster must be included in their area of self-determination, though an Ulster plebiscite would have given it to them by a large majority. Instead, they agreed to the Six-County Area—an area which, treated as a unity, as it ought to be, contains an overwhelming majority of Protestants. This area was solemnly conferred upon the Loyalists of the North by an Act of Parliament, and by the promulgation of their Constitution during a State visit by the King. And then, without their consent, and indeed, behind their backs, a so-called Treaty (it was, of course, no Treaty from the legal point of view) was made in secret which provided for altering their area without their consent. It is to be hoped, however, that the North will not let the moral and legal strength of their case lead them into a purely *non-possumus* attitude. Once more they must be called upon to consider the whole situation in the spirit of wisdom and statesmanship. This does not mean mere surrender, but it does, no doubt, mean a certain sacrifice which would not have been necessary if the Coalition Government had acted with justice and kept its word.

J. St. Loe Strachey.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND MOSUL

THE sessions of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations are daily thrusting upon even the least impressionable minds some of the differences between the world of to-day and the world we knew before the War. And thankfully be it said the differences illuminated at Geneva are on the whole greatly to the good. No honest man can say that the League has not brought the world substantially nearer the time when discussion, arbitration, public opinion and common sense will seem the natural means of settling disputes even where a disputant is not already bound by his faith to seek peace and ensue it. There is disagreement upon the immediate future of the Mosul Vilayet. Are the parties openly or secretly preparing for war? No. But twelve years ago in such circumstances no Government would have dared to risk the other side being more prepared than itself, and the chances of peace would have been so much the poorer. The advance must in fairness be put to the credit of the League. If the cynic says that Geneva is a hotbed of lobbying and log-rolling, the answer is that Geneva is the place where opportunities for such things are most frequent, but they are the scum that is visible on the top, thrown up from the good wine below. Difficulties are approached in a more broadminded manner and with more public spirit nowadays. Witness our arrangement with M. Caillaux. We cannot speak for France, but we believe that the new spirit made her feel that there was shame in not trying to pay debts. In Great Britain we believe that the inarticulate feeling of the country, and possibly the definite decision of the Government, was that recognition of debts, international settlement of disputes, economic certainty and so forth were more important than cash; better to take a paltry sum than go on without recognition and settlement. That spirit is analogous to the League spirit and illustrates its penetration.

If, then, we are persuaded that the League has greater political importance in the world than anything else, we shall agree with the essence of the speech of the Secretary of State for the Colonies on the future of Mosul. We have little patience with those who say that if Turkey will not hold herself bound to follow the bidding of the League then we are equally free. We are not. We have asked for the League's guidance and must accept it. If one horse of a pair is sulky and lazy, the willing yoke-fellow must pull the harder. If one party flouts the League, the other must be the more careful to preserve its prestige for the sake of the world, even if this entails a burden. When the United States refused any mandate we did not take the childish line "then I won't either," but we realized that more work was cast upon us and we accepted it. If Turkey should earn the world's blame for setting back the power and influence of the League we should be ashamed to share it.

The burden chiefly feared in this country is naturally a financial one. No one will accuse the *Spectator* of not preaching economy and the cutting down of expense. We are left cold even by those who say on these matters that it is not extravagance but a good investment, for personal experience has never taught us that when we have not enough for what we call necessary expenditure there is any surplus to invest. Life would indeed be simple if that were so. But surely we are bound to give full weight to the statement issued by the Colonial Office that the policy announced by Mr. Amery at Geneva on behalf of His Majesty's Government "will not involve any additional Imperial expenditure beyond what had been previously contemplated." We are given every hope that the expense will decrease yearly, and since the last two budgets of Iraq have balanced, there is good foundation for the hope. We can conceive circumstances in which it might be wise to cut the loss of all we have already put into Mesopotamia, but we see no need whatever to do so now. And apart from finance it would be a breach of faith which we cannot in honour contemplate. Everyone agrees that if we leave Iraq now she will fall asunder. The infant State is not yet strong enough to stand alone.

In Iraq we here include Mosul. No unprejudiced person is in favour of the separation of these component parts of Iraq. Strategically Mosul is vital to the rest of Iraq. Economically and commercially the division would be fatal to both. The League's Commissioners made this quite plain as their opinion, although they felt bound to make some lukewarm recommendations as to what had better be done if their opinions were not accepted; the return to Turkey, the division along the lesser Zab, and so on. The people of the Vilayet have made it as plain as they can that they prefer the Government of Iraq to that of Turkey. Is it forgotten that an honest effort was made to get the opinion of the people so long ago as 1918 and 1919? In *The Review of the Civil Administration of Mesopotamia*, published in 1920 (Cmd. 1061), Miss Gertrude Bell wrote: "On one point there was unanimity; they all considered that the Mosul Vilayet should be united to the Vilayets of Baghdad and Basra." It is true that the Kurds, who form half the population, have shown some signs of a hasty desire, not for Turkish rule, but for independence. Does anyone doubt the choice of the Arab population? Certainly no one doubts the desire of the tens of thousands of Christians, for their very lives are in jeopardy. If the Turk enters Mosul the Christians who escape his sword will fly to our protection and our charity to keep them alive, as their brethren have fled to Europe from the desolate fields which once they cultivated in Anatolia. We dare not play with the lives of these people, nor risk our own reputation throughout Asia.

Another suggestion has been made and deserves mention, although we do not expect to see it put into

practice; that is, that the League itself should administer its own mandate. We have always been chary of supporting proposals that the League should descend to the rough and tumble of detailed administration. We prefer that it should exercise a supervising authority with a more Olympian dignity. Just as we hold the League to be too young now to deal with thorny details of Inter-Allied debts (though in less than a generation we hope that it will be the judge of any such difficulties if we are still plagued with them), so also we would keep from the League too close a contact with experiments in administration. Such as there have been have not been great successes. It is beneath the dignity of the League, as we see it, to have to settle on which side of a street in Dantzig a red pillar box may stand, and we have had to criticize more sternly than we liked the ineffectual control in detail over its representatives who are governing in the Saar Basin. However, if the League should undertake the task we should loyally support its every endeavour.

Lastly, let us beware of being intimidated by abuse or attribution of wrong motives. If Turkey abuses us we may fairly compare our work in her old dependency, Egypt, with the devastating blight that has followed her rule in every land of Europe and Asia that suffered under her dead hand. If the cry is raised that oil is the aim of all our post-War policy, let us not be deterred. It is not worth while to argue that oil, so far from the sea as Mosul is, has a very speculative value; and perhaps it would be unworthy to remind a possible leader in such criticism that at San Remo in 1920 she was ready enough to accept our liberal offer of 25 per cent. of any oil we might get from Mesopotamian oil fields. Let us show that a strong nation can in its strength defer to the guidance of the League, and let us carry on our work with the vision of a peaceful, prosperous country in mid-Asia, growing steadily out of our tutelage as it learns to irrigate its soil and recalls the days when the Babylonians saw its fields a waving sea of corn and a benefit to all the world.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

By Arthur Greenwood, M.P.

I.—AN ANALYSIS OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

THE thing that stands out in the abnormal circumstances of the last few years is not the difficulties of the post-War period, but the way in which this country has managed to carry on in spite of them. There is, of course, a sombre picture to be drawn of more than a million and a quarter workless people losing heart and skill, of idle shipyards, of mines closing down, of lost orders, and of what is called "the crushing burden" of taxation. There is, on the other hand, a more highly coloured picture to be painted of gaiety and expensive pleasures—of British visitors to the Riviera and other fashionable Continental resorts, of crowded popular watering-places, of an ever-increasing stream of motor-cars and motor-cycles on our roads, of the massed thousands of spectators at a cup-tie final.

The remarkable fact is that, notwithstanding the enormous wastage of the War, the unsettlement in Europe, the restriction of world trade, nearly ninety per cent. of our people are at work, and the actual number in work is greater than it was on the outbreak of the Great War, whilst British trade has succeeded in holding its own in the markets of the world. Indeed, Britain enjoys a larger proportion of the world's trade than it did before the War, though the actual volume of trade is less.

This is not to say that all is well with British industry or that the prospect of over a million and a quarter unemployed is one to be taken lightly. On the contrary, the situation is one of great gravity, demanding bold and far-reaching action. My purpose in emphasizing the comparative success with which we have survived the aftermath of war is not to under-estimate the seriousness of our plight, but to stress our capacity for dealing with the problems which confront us.

Who are these million and a quarter workers or more who are without employment? Not an army of ne'er-do-wells and idlers who prefer to live on what people who enjoy unearned incomes describe as the "dole," but skilled shipyard workers, engineers, miners and textile operatives—men who have been the backbone of British industry, and whose skill has surpassed that of the workers of other countries, men who served in the Great War, and who were told that the world was never going to be the same again, and that their deeds would never be forgotten, boys and girls upon whom will rest the future of this country. We are too apt to think of the unemployed in the lump. The truth is that they consist of several quite distinct groups of workers. There are first a considerable number of boys and girls who have obtained their introduction to the labour market during the present trade depression. Unemployment is relatively less severe amongst these young workers than amongst older people, whilst unemployment amongst young men and women between twenty and twenty-four is above the average. It is said that there are few lads now serving apprenticeships in the engineering shops and the shipyards, and the supply of skilled labour for the future is therefore gravely imperilled. A large number of these juvenile workers have obtained work to the detriment of rather older workers, so that the young workers have gained at the expense of their elder brothers and sisters, who are more than proportionately swelling the ranks of the unemployed.

This twenty to twenty-four group has never known normal times. These workers entered industry during the War, and their subsequent experience has been derived during a quite abnormal period. Many of them have suffered intermittent periods of unemployment since the end of the War. Large numbers have not obtained the kind of industrial training and experience which would have been theirs during times of normal trade.

The unemployed army includes well over half a million married men and more than 75,000 married or widowed women. Nearly three-fifths of the applicants (of all ages) for unemployment benefit have dependents. A substantial proportion of the married men have wives and children dependent on them.

Lastly, about a fifth of all unemployed males are fifty-five years of age and over. They are ageing men who, once they fall out of work, find it extraordinarily difficult to re-establish themselves.

Briefly, therefore, the unemployed army consists of youths who have not had a fair chance, elderly workers, many of them highly skilled, who are slipping out of the labour market, and a large body of workers at intermediate ages, skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled, many of them married and burdened with dependents. The men include a good many ex-Service men.

The distribution of unemployment in industry is very unequal. The heaviest burden is found in shipbuilding, the metal trades and coal-mining. It is chiefly in the export industries that unemployment is most severe, and if these trades are excluded the unemployment in the remaining industries does not show alarmingly high figures.

I have referred to over a million and a quarter unemployed. Strictly speaking, I should have said that there

was this number of workers registered as unemployed at the Employment Exchanges in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. This number does not represent the total unemployed army. The vast majority of the registered workers are insured persons. But juveniles under sixteen are not insured, and, though numbers may use the Employment Exchanges when in search of work, there is no complete record of unemployment amongst juvenile workers. Moreover, there are odds and ends of people who are not insured against unemployment and who do not necessarily apply to the Employment Exchanges, as well as unemployed workers who fall out of benefit and give up the hopeless daily visit to the Exchange. It is no exaggeration to say that there are at least a million and a half workers to-day seeking employment.

How is the problem to be dealt with? It is certainly not to be solved by any proposal for withdrawing or reducing what is called the "dole," or depriving any number of people of benefit. There is a theory abroad, to which colour is lent by newspaper reports of the *obiter dicta* of certain magistrates regarding the "dole" and of isolated cases of abuse, that, if the number of people receiving benefit were reduced, the situation would in some way be improved. No reasonable person with any knowledge of the facts will believe that all the unemployed are wasters. Even if there were 50,000 who were refused benefit and driven into jobs, it would only result in driving out of work 50,000 now employed, and would lead to no net improvement in the national situation. Obviously, to reduce unemployment benefits would avail nothing, for one of two things would happen. Either the purchasing power of the unemployed would be reduced to the detriment of producers and sellers of the goods the workers consume and to the detriment of employment generally, or their purchasing power would be maintained by supplementary relief from the Boards of Guardians. It was shown when the "gap" periods existed and no uncovenanted benefit was payable that Poor Law Relief increased in the various Poor Law areas by the amount that was paid in benefit, whilst the increase in State benefit last year has directly benefited the Poor Law Authorities.

Nor can we expect any assistance from Sir Alfred Mond's proposal to subsidize wages. This proposal has been rejected by the Government and by the official Opposition. It is felt that it would prove to be impracticable, and its operation would tend to extend the area of subsidized employment, leaving our last case worse than our first.

A solution of the grave difficulties of our day is not to be sought in any single, simple panacea, but it may be reached by the best use of our available labour power, the development of our national resources, the development of Britain overseas, and the restoration of foreign markets. Each of these lines of approach needs separate consideration.

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THE COLOUR PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA

FROM A SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT.

DURING the past few years events have conspired to bring the problem of colour in South Africa into the foreground. No longer does it lurk comfortably in the dark. People in the Union have stopped saying that it will have to be dealt with "some day," and are demanding of the new Government that, whatever else may be left undone, the colour problem shall be tackled. The Government is well aware of the strength of public feeling on the matter, and during the session which ended with July it introduced the first instalments of its colour policy and fervently promised to produce the remaining instalments next session.

What first jolted the public into its present state of awareness was the figures of the last census, 1921, as analysed last year by Mr. Cousins, the Director of Census. He showed that the natural rate of increase of the non-European population of the Union exceeds the natural rate of increase of the Europeans plus their accessions from outside. The precise rate at which the increase of the non-European population will continue to outstrip that of the European population will depend on the number of immigrants that South Africa can succeed in attracting. For the past three or four years more Europeans have been leaving the country than have been entering it.

But the question is more than one of mere numbers. There are three main classes of non-Europeans in the Union—the natives, the Asiatics, who are chiefly Indians, and the Eurafricans, who alone in the Union are popularly called "coloured people." All three classes are advancing rapidly in other directions than mere increase of population. The natives show very considerable progress in industrial skill, and are clamouring for educational facilities. The "coloured people" already approximate to the standard of civilization of the pure-blooded white man. The Indian is a clever and astute, if sometimes unscrupulous, trader whose competition the white trader is beginning to feel. The existence in ever-increasing numbers of the non-Europeans in various stages of progress and with an infinite variety of standards of life very seriously complicates and aggravates the unemployment problem.

Indeed, it is to the colour problem that the unemployment and labour problems of South Africa owe their peculiar nature. In other countries unemployment waxes and wanes with the "booms" and "slumps" of trade cycles. In South Africa unemployment has been steadily increasing over a long term of years irrespectively of the general prosperity or badness of the times. To-day, for instance, there is no lack of work for the highly skilled artisan, and the corner of the post-War economic depression has been definitely turned. Last year the State railways wiped off the large accumulated deficit of the depression and substantially reduced their rates in confident anticipation of a surplus this year. The general revenue, too, indicates returning prosperity. Yet there are thousands of unemployed in the country.

They consist almost exclusively of European and "coloured" semi-skilled and unskilled workers. What has happened is that the natives have by slow, almost insensible, steps driven out of the labour market the unskilled "coloured" man, who in turn has driven out the semi-skilled white man. Meanwhile, as happens in all countries, numbers of white workers have with the passing of generations sunk in the scale of civilization.

The grandsons of men who were skilled are to-day among the unskilled or semi-skilled, just as others, again, have risen in the scale and become skilled where their fathers were semi-skilled. For those that rise there is room: for those who fall there is none. The native is the unskilled worker *par excellence* in South Africa, and now he is showing himself capable of displacing first the "coloured" man and then the white man in semi-skilled and even in skilled work.

He succeeds, of course, because his standard of living and hence the wages he will accept are lower than those of the "coloured" man and much lower than those of the white man. The contest is in essence one of varying standards of life. And just as bad money drives out good when both circulate freely in a country, so do the natives and the Indians tend to drive into unemployment the "coloured" people and the white men, whose standard of life demands higher wages.

To this state of affairs the country has suddenly awakened. And so we have the demand for the strict enforcement of a "colour bar" from the trade unions on the Rand, where mineowners have long known that natives make good drill-sharpeners and engine-drivers, to mention but two categories of jobs to which the trade unions insist that the colour bar shall apply. In Natal it is the Indian trader who is the trouble. In the rest of the Union the problem is not quite so pressing, but the realization is, nevertheless, general that so long as there is no place in South Africa for unskilled and slightly skilled white workers there can be no hope of any considerable accessions to the little white garrison by immigration. It was from unskilled workers chiefly that Canada, Australia, and the United States built up their great white nations. The skilled artisan, who alone is assured of an economic welcome in South Africa, does not form the bulk of labour immigrants into any country.

The policy which the Government proposes to follow in dealing with the situation is, as I have said, being revealed in instalments. In the first place it enunciated the principle of giving employment on the State railways, public works, and other Government enterprises to white men and to "coloured people" only, and at a civilized wage. This principle has already been given effect to in many parts of the Union, and to-day gangs of white and "coloured" workers can be seen on railway construction, on irrigation works, on road-making schemes, all of which have hitherto been regarded in South Africa as "Kaffir's work." The classing together of white and "coloured," on the one hand, and of natives and Indians, on the other, was followed, too, in the Colour Bar Bill. This measure was thrown out by the Senate on the sound ground that in extending the colour bar to the Cape it violated the liberal traditions of that Province, which has never possessed an economic or political colour bar but only a social colour bar, and which strenuously disbelieves that such artificial restraints can solve the problem of colour. The third instalment of the Government's colour policy was represented in a Minimum Wage Bill, which aims at fixing wages wherever possible on a civilized basis and so preventing the existing competition between varying standards of civilization. This measure passed both Houses of the Legislature, and will shortly come into effect. Finally, there was the Bill, introduced but not proceeded with, a few days before the end of the session, in which the Minister of the Interior proposes a moderate measure of urban segregation for Indians and forbids the acquisition of land by Indians in Natal except in the coastal belt.

There for the moment the Government's policy rests. General Hertzog has promised to introduce a comprehensive native policy next session, when both the Colour Bar Bill and the Asiatic Segregation Bill will be dealt with, too. Meanwhile, immigration is still a minus quantity, and public opinion, although appeased by the obviously sincere intentions of the Government to "do something," is still very apprehensive as to the future of white civilization throughout South Africa.

IS PROHIBITION A FAILURE?

[This article is by a Scottish engineer who lives in one of the Southern States of U.S.A. In a recent article in the *Spectator* a correspondent stated definitely that Prohibition was a failure, but the writer of the present article gives his reasons for believing it to be a success.]

TO judge by the interviews which are requested of returning travellers from the United States by newspaper correspondents, Prohibition appears to be a subject of much interest in England. Unfortunately, the returning traveller from the United States is usually very much like the members of the Labour Party who have, at various times, visited Russia to study the results of Communism; he has generally spent only a few weeks or months in his travels and has been able only to skim the surface of things and not to get right down into the life of the ordinary people. The question commonly asked of visitors returning from America—"Is Prohibition a Failure?"—is, as a rule, answered with "Yes." But the person who says "Yes" is either unwittingly or wilfully saying what is not true.

It must be admitted that there is much smuggling of liquor into the cities along the Atlantic Coast. This liquor, however, is bought and consumed by a certain class of well-to-do people who have been accustomed in the old days to have their cellars full and who are quite sincere in asserting that they cannot well get along without it. Another class who buy the smuggled brands are the crooks—the men and women who toil not, neither do they spin, but who live by various nefarious means. Whisky is distilled in the secluded outskirts of both large and small cities. It must be admitted also that there is a certain amount of drinking among young people attending high schools and colleges. Some of these have access to their parents' wine-cellars, and others, whose parents have no cellars, ape the manners of their richer fellow-students and buy a vile form of liquor from the bootleggers. Altogether there is enough evidence to deceive the casual visitor to America into thinking that Prohibition is a failure.

The classes of law breakers to whom I have referred, however, are probably not more than 10 per cent. of the total population. No one who was truthful and fair or was not deceived could assert that a law was a failure because 10 per cent. of the people often break it. The remarkable thing is that the Prohibition law is respected as much as it is, especially when one considers the various elements which make up this nation. Many representatives of different nationalities who have arrived here recently have been accustomed to alcoholic drink from their childhood and they do not find it easy to give it up. Yet it is firmly believed by many that the third generation will have no appetite for alcohol at all. No one is bold enough to assert that the law will be repealed. A certain number of persons hope that it will be modified so as to allow the sale of light wine and beers, but the solid body of citizens are against even this. The law-abiding citizens who are the backbone of the country and who swing the vote are unalterably opposed to bringing back the drink traffic. Even the men who used to patronise the saloons are as much opposed as the most rabid Prohibitionists to having the saloons restored.

For the last ten years I have lived in a town of 200,000 inhabitants and in all that time the number of drunken

men seen could be counted on the fingers of both hands. As for women, I have never seen one drunk on the streets in this period. Poverty has been reduced enormously and people are now better fed, better housed and better clothed. One out of every four inhabitants in this city owns a motor-car and the banks are filled with the people's savings. One's feelings are not harried by scenes of misery caused by drunken parents. A scene in a large Scottish city many years ago left an impression on my memory which time cannot eradicate. My attention was drawn to a barefooted woman. Her countenance had lost any semblance of beauty and had become sodden and haggard by drink, although she cannot have been more than about thirty years old. Following her uneven footsteps at a distance of a few yards were two small children. The elder of these was only about seven years old and was carrying a baby. Every few steps the mother would turn round and discharge her drunken rage upon her children, using the most horrible language known to the human tongue. Surely, the most consistent advocate of an unrestrained liquor traffic would have felt it difficult at that moment to take any pride in the traffic that had brought a young woman from purity to depravity in a few years. Since Prohibition became the law of the land here no such scene is ever presented in an American city. The other day some 20,000 people gathered together to celebrate the opening of a new highway. In that crowd not one person was under the influence of drink, yet all appeared to be getting to the full the enjoyment they wanted.

Every business man here admits that his employees are more efficient than they were in the days of the saloon. Personally, I believe that if the liquor interests had been careful to take warning and had conducted their business in a reasonable spirit, instead of flouting the attempts of decent people to secure reform, there would have been no Prohibition. As in the case of the trade Trusts that existed some years ago, however, they allowed pride and prosperity to blind their vision until they came to believe that there was no law except themselves. The inevitable result followed; public opinion, though it had been slow to move, moved at last with irresistible force and cleared Trusts and liquor traffic out of the way. No doubt the American method of getting rid of liquor without paying compensation was unduly harsh. It might have been better if the trade had received, say, five years' notice. In the meantime, gradual control could have been established. The difficulties which arose from the failure of revenue after the Prohibition law had been passed would have been less acute.

It may not be the wisest course for Great Britain to go to the full extent of the law as it now is in America, but she will inevitably have to curb the traffic of hard liquors. If she does not do so for moral reasons she will have to do it for economic reasons. Otherwise she will be outdistanced in the industrial race. A. P. S.

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OPEN-AIR SCHOOLS

[The writer, who is a School medical officer in New Zealand, informs us that an Open-Air Schools League has been established in that country.—ED. *Spectator.*]

"THE slow growth of the open-air school movement in England is hardly creditable to our national good sense." So said Sir George Newman. The more civilized we become the further we get away from Nature, and the further man is removed from Nature, the more do his diseases increase and multiply. Universal education is of comparatively recent growth, and is one more factor of civilization which removes yet another section of the population still further from Nature. The child is the only young animal which is shut up during the best hours of the daylight, and up till quite recently educationists have entirely failed to see the folly of so confining the young and restricting their activities.

Some twenty years ago it was first realized that there was a section of the child population so enfeebled, if not actually diseased, that it was totally unable to stand the ordinary school curriculum, and in 1904 the first attempt was made at Charlottenburg to return these children to Nature, and carry out their education amid the natural surroundings of a pine forest. The results were better than the most optimistic had anticipated. Not only did these weak children improve in health, but their school work compared favourably with that of the more robust children in the ordinary schools.

In 1907 the London County Council started its first open-air school for anaemic, debilitated and pre-tubercular children, and in 1908 the United States followed suit. Since then open-air schools have increased in number, but not half so quickly as might have been hoped for. All the original open-air schools were for sick or debilitated children, and it was not until the excellent results that were obtained in these had been very definitely demonstrated that it occurred to anyone that what was good for the sick child must also be good for the normal child.

The work of Professor Leonard Hill has given us a scientific explanation of the vast importance of the open air, and the work of Dr. Rollier at Leysin and Sir Henry Gauvain at Alton has shown us the importance of sunlight in the cure of surgical tuberculosis, and it is surely only wise that these two great health-giving agents of fresh air and sunlight should be provided in abundance for our children in the schools. Dr. H. C. Mulholland, Medical Officer of Health to the Swinton and Pendlebury Urban Districts, has said: "It is not sufficient that a school should be proved to do no harm to the children. Each school should be expected positively to provide health as well as education. In no school is health better provided than in the open-air school, and in so far as other schools depart from the principles of health there exhibited they are wanting."

A country which up to the present has almost entirely neglected the open-air school is New Zealand, and the reason for this is not far to seek. With her magnificent climate and her good social conditions, sick children do not present the same problem that they do in the crowded cities of the Old World. The gross deformities of rickets so often met with in Glasgow are unknown in New Zealand. Surgical tuberculosis is a comparatively rare complaint. Hence the need for open-air schools as curative agents has not been felt to anything like the same extent as it has, for instance, in England. To-day, however, New Zealand is waking up to the fact that the open-air school is the right school for all children, and there is a growing body of opinion which is demanding that all new schools shall be open-air schools. If New Zealand has lagged behind in the past, there is every hope that she

may, in the future, take her place in the very fore-front of the open-air school movement, not only because her climate is an ideal one for the open-air school, but because there is inspiration behind the ideal school which she hopes to evolve.

Those who are convinced of the need for the proposed reform advocate that in place of the airless buildings in which the children are at present immured, they shall have a "School Village" in which each class has its own separate "Bungalow Classroom." The "Village" consists of a row of little bungalows so turned as to catch the sun, and avoid the prevailing winds, and each surrounded by its own little garden. One side of each bungalow is fitted with sliding doors so that it can be thrown completely open. This side, of course, is turned away from the prevailing winds, but towards the sun. Among these little bungalows is a slightly more imposing one containing the administrative part of the school, while in front of the buildings lies the green playground with its shady trees.

Given a sufficient area, and the area required is not as large as might be expected, this type of construction presents many advantages. By isolating the classrooms each room can be made to get the maximum amount of sunshine; and as there are four walls to each room with openings into the outside air, a cross-current of gently moving air can always be secured under all conditions of wind and weather. Noisy corridors are done away with, and quiet and peace is obtained.

The open side of the bungalow classroom allows of its being rapidly emptied, so that the children may have a run at the end of each half-hour's lesson, stretching tired muscles and straightening little backs, quickening listless lungs, and toning up the circulation so that the next lesson may be tackled with new energy. The old shut-in imprisoned feeling is done away with by the open side.

This scheme is still in the air, but the one bungalow* classroom, which was erected a year ago in the neighbourhood of Christchurch, has proved itself up to the hilt, and has been the means of, if not converting, yet materially changing the point of view of the educational authorities. After all, what shall it profit a child if he gain the whole curriculum and lose his health?

H. N.-S.

NAME THIS HOLE

By Bernard Darwin.

I WAS playing lately on a course which is destined, when it grows a little older, to be one of the very best in Scotland. This is the new course at Turnberry, in Ayrshire. Its neighbour, the old course, has always been full of charm, but for real golfing quality it will, I think, have to yield to the new. However, I am not setting out to describe it. I mention it because it gives me a text. It possesses two successive holes, the fifteenth and sixteenth, with names that will almost certainly cling to them and may even become classic. One is called "The Dirl," and this, in the language of Burns, means "a mighty blow." At least, so I am told by a friend who has proposed the immortal memory on Burns night in a speech lasting an hour and a half, so he ought to know. The other is called Mount Olympus, and is rather like it; I lived over against the real mountain for something like a year and a half, so I ought to know.

These are both clearly good names, and yet I make bold to say that they are not of the very best brand. There is something just a little too consciously picturesque about them. The best names and those which sound in our ears to-day the most romantic are those which have gradually come into being, no one knows how or when, because they fulfil a descriptive purpose. On the old maps of St. Andrew's links there may be seen, on the way to the Corner of the Dyke, a small bunker, now defunct, called Tam's Coo. It lay, if I remember rightly, a little short of the Principal's Nose. Here is the perfect name. It arose quite simply from the fact that a certain Thomas tethered his cow there and the cow, by trampling within the limits of her narrow prison, made a bunker. Take many of the other names at St. Andrew's which give us a thrill; they are, in truth, prosaic statements of fact. The High Hole does stand high, overlooking the waters of the Eden. There is still some heather at the Heathery Hole, as there are shells in the Shell bunker: the outgoing and incoming battalions still cross one another at the Hole o' Cross, and no one who has ever overrun the seventeenth green need ask why it is called the Road Hole.

Much the same may be said of the names at Hoylake, almost the only English course on which names are still used in place of pedestrian numbers. Two of the most famous, the Dowie and the Dun, commemorate particular players, but the Stand tells of the days when Hoylake was a racecourse, the Royal is hard by the front door of the Royal Hotel, the home of the illustrious family of Ball, and the Rushes, the Punchbowl, the Cop, the Field, the Lake and the rest (I love to roll them luxuriously on my tongue) mean exactly what they say. Only the Alps is a purple patch, an essay in the more deliberately picturesque style, and after all the real Alps, where we hit over the mountain top and wondered what had happened, is no more. But stay, I had almost forgotten the really lovely name among them all. It is seldom heard now, but when I first went to Hoylake, men often talked of playing to the Lake by way of Johnny Ball's Gap. Just as Baedeker tells us that Thermopylae is greatly changed since Leonidas's day, so this other narrow pass, consecrated to a hero, is now in effect no more. All men can do with the rubber core what only heroes could do with the gutty, but the name should be preserved, even at the risk of being too consciously archaic, for it touches the highest point of romance.

It is my gloomy belief that the day of these great names is over. There are now so many courses, and we flit so fast from one to the other, that we are not really and truly at home on any one of them; if we can remember the numbers of the holes it is as much as we can manage. Names grow up only when men play all their golf on one course, and come to know every little turn and twist in the ground. I am confirmed in this belief by a personal experience. Only once in my life have I played for a whole year upon one single course. This was in the War time, on an emphatically home-made course, when I lived, as I said before, opposite Mount Olympus. Many of the holes took to themselves names, and no one could say who invented them. At the Water Hole, where the gipsy girl used to come and beg from us with her insinuating whine of "Dona penny, Johnny," we played over a little muddy creek. At the Skull Hole we used the skull of a deceased sheep in lieu of a flag. A horse once chose to die in one of our bunkers, and very inconvenient he was until "all the King's horses and all the King's men," in the form of the sanitary section, took him away again. That was called the Dead Horse's Bunker ever afterwards, and at the Helmet Hole our flag was an old blue trench helmet cast away by some French infantryman. The third hole, where the hungry, wolfish dogs would come creeping and snarling ever nearer to our heels as we waggled, was the Thistle Hole. That was no affected

* Photographs of this Bungalow Classroom are to be found in "Open-air Schools," by I. G. MacInnes, published by Christchurch (N.Z.) Press Co., and obtainable from Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs, Ltd., 9-10 St. Andrews Hill, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. Price 6d. through booksellers, or post free 7d.

Scotticism: there were thistles by the green, and in summer time they grew into a mighty grove higher than our heads. I do not quote these names as having any especial merit, but they grew up naturally in the right way, and had our course continued to exist (indeed I believe Greek golfers play on it to-day) they would have come in time to have a stirring and historic sound.

It must be frankly admitted that the Scot has a greater genius for naming holes than we English have ever acquired. We can hardly rise beyond the name of a battle or a mountain or some variant of Hades (they say it discreetly in Burmese at Hayling Island). But there are some really apt names even on quite modern courses in Scotland. At Gleneagles, for instance, there is the Kittle Kink, just a little too elaborate possibly, but still a good descriptive name for a "dog-leg" hole. I like the Wee Bogle too, conceived as it is in a rather different style, and also Braid's Braw̆est. Perhaps these Scottish names are particularly attractive to the Saxon because, like Mr. Micawber when he quoted Auld Lang Syne and came to the "gowans fine," we are not precisely aware what they mean.

CAMPING OUT AND CAMPING IN

THERE is a passion in America for camping out. An American writing in the *Overseas Magazine* declares that the movement is having an important effect upon the home life of the United States. "The whole camp idea has spread like wildfire and has achieved with us tremendous proportions." A present-day parent, we read, "would feel himself seriously negligent or unfortunate could he not give his boy or girl at least a summer or two at camp, and in well-to-do homes it is a matter of course that the plans for the summer are made on the basis of the younger members being safely and happily stowed away in some favourite and admirable camp." Nine weeks is the usual time for a summer camping expedition and from 300 to 350 dollars is the usual cost for the season, irrespective of outfit, which is in itself no small expense.

There is, as everyone knows, a good deal of camping out in this country, but as yet it is practised upon a much smaller scale. A fortnight is the usual time spent in camp, and among Public School boys we understand that the habit is not gaining ground. The boys do not want to lose a slice out of their home life, and now that the gilt of novelty has worn off the idea they do not want to go. The big girls' schools have made no very serious attempt to popularize this newest form of gypsying. It has had no doubt a real success but a limited one. As a holiday for town boys whose parents cannot afford a regular outing, as a means of training scouts and guides, and as an attempt at bringing together children of widely different classes under a common sky it has answered well enough, but no one could say that unless as a part of the scout or girl guide movement it has had any appreciable effect upon our national habits. We do, however, very often follow the social lead of America after a pause for thought, and, in this matter, it is worth while to consider what the new world is doing.

It certainly is an odd thing that well-off people who can to some extent choose in what manner they will spend their summer holiday, the only holiday which business and professional men have in the year, should elect to spend it apart from their children. They, however, might reply that we are content to part with our children during three periods of nine to twelve weeks every year while they can only bear separation for less than a third of the time. The difficult matter to understand, however, is the time chosen to separate parents from children and sisters from brothers—the only time in the year which can be given up to leisure and pleasure. "As a rule," says the *Overseas* writer, "it is considered best for a boy or girl to go among strangers where he will not be hampered by too great a dependence upon a home friend." What a curious notion of a holiday for a child! There must, one would imagine, be a good bit of home-sickness during the first weeks of camp life. However, we are assured that this is not so, and certainly everything seems to be marvellously well arranged for the children's pleasure. Evidently little or nothing is expected of them in the way of work. Those who go upon short expeditions learn to shift for themselves, otherwise the camp would seem to be a vast children's hotel partly under canvas designed to afford nine weeks of organized pleasure entirely free from family duties or ties or affections. "The best camps" are evidently more or less permanent structures. We read of fruit gardens, buildings in which meals are eaten in bad weather, "perfect sanitation" and "theatres." Bathing, boating, canoeing, riding, dancing, acting and singing occupy the children, and those who like can have practical lessons in cooking or in carpentry. A "camp mother" and trained nurses are attached to every camp, and discipline is in the hands of "councillors," who are usually undergraduates or graduates from men's and women's colleges, and who eagerly contend for what is apparently a well paid job. "It is obvious," we read, that these young men and women should be persons "of the highest ability, character and also charm." In girls' camps "one councillor is allowed to each tent containing three or four girls." Rather to one's surprise "a girls' camp will always include some men councillors chosen with the greatest care who give instruction in riding and water sports and guide the girls on their mountain climbs and on their long 'hikes.'" Evidently some risks are taken. The boys' councillors are often men of well-known athletic records fit to be heroes to the young holiday makers. The morals of the children are well cared for in a wholesale sort of way. A few good words are spoken to them as a crowd every morning and a religious service is held every Sunday. Indeed, the camp is a school of pleasure, and though, as such, it would seem to contain some admirable elements we should be sorry to see it copied here on any large scale. As things are at present English and American camping out have very little in common but the name.

Nothing further from simplicity could well be imagined than the life we have been describing. In no sense do the children learn to be independent of service. They would learn this far better in a modern servantless or understaffed home than in this artificial life of sheer amusement. The picnic life led by many a professional family during the summer holidays at their own cottage in the country might well be described as "camping in" and offers far more of healthy hardship than is to be had for from £60 to £80 worth of camping out, even including mountain climbing and long walks with "councillors" in the fore, and nurses in the background. "The effect" of this new fashion upon American family life is not described to us, though, as we have already said, it is regarded there as a serious one. Here, we think, it would tend to make children feel that while childish happiness is of great importance, it is a commodity which can be bought, a thing which parents should pay for, but in which they have no other essential part. They would also perhaps feel a little bitterly that when the parents are planning their own holiday pleasures they do not miss their children nor desire that they should share in them, but are glad to "pack them off." But it may be said in thus speaking we are leaving out the effect upon

health and character of twenty-four hours a day for nine weeks spent in the open air. But, we would reply, the great majority of well-to-do children are not in need of "treatment." Normal modern life is life under a roof for at least twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and even if this sheltered existence is not exactly "what nature intended" it is what western civilization as a rule enforces. As to moral development we very much doubt if life in the open has so much effect upon it as is often imagined. "Dr. Greenfields" is a preacher who is never without a congregation, and just now he is revered in the double capacity of priest and medical man. If he becomes a tyrant a revulsion of feeling will set in. Our orthodox fathers suspected him of heresy, but we may condemn him altogether as an out-and-out charlatan.

HOMECROFTING: SUSTENANCE, NOT SALES

WE publish elsewhere a very interesting letter of thanks from Professor Scott to the readers of the *Spectator* who have helped him in his Homecrofting experiment.

We are in the fullest agreement with Professor Scott's general observations in regard to the value of Homecrofting, and we should like to point out how much his view is really enforced by certain facts recently published which look as if they were arguments against his proposals. There have been of late a good many examples given in the Press of the failure of smallholders to carry on. Properly considered, however, these failures do not touch Homecrofting, but rather support it. The men who have failed, have failed because, owing to market difficulties, they have not been able to sell the products of their smallholdings at a profit. They have, that is, sold below the cost at which they produced. That very possibly is the Nemesis of the small agricultural unit under existing conditions, but it leaves the Homecrofter entirely untouched. He snaps his fingers at such matters. The vagaries of the produce market, or the price put upon bacon in Chicago, or upon potatoes, fruit, or cereals here, leave him quite cold. He does not want to sell, but to consume. One's own bacon and eggs, apple dumplings, and home, spade-grown potatoes taste just as nice when the bottom has fallen out of the produce market as they did when it was booming. "If the stuff is ate by me, what care I how cheap it be?" is his consolation. Let his slogan be "Sustenance, Not Sales." In other words, the Homecrofter will draw his income from industry, coal mining, factory work, or agricultural work as a hedger and ditcher, or a carter, or a cowman, or a rick thatcher; but make hearty meals upon his own produce. The advantage of the Homecrofting system lies in the fact that he can use his leisure time—in the case of a miner or factory hand, a very substantial piece of the day—in growing food to feed his family. If he sticks to that, we are convinced that he will do well. We are asking him and his family to fill their own stomachs, not to risk the perils of the market. Meantime, the man's weekly wages will provide clothing and things which, as the soil of England will not produce them, must be got from Overseas.

In this context we want to draw attention to the very remarkable exhibition of produce from London allotments, which took place last week. The verdict was that the stuff was exceedingly good in spite of London smoke, and the enthusiasm and eagerness of the allotment holders were very remarkable. By the way, no one ever heard of an allotment being ruined or being a cause of insolvency, unless the holder forgot to till it.

We have one more word to say. It is to ask Professor Scott to do, what we are sure he will agree is the right course, that is, in the handling of his fund to be guided first, last, and all the time, by his accountant. We have seen too many good schemes wrecked on small rocks by a failure to recognize this need. Once more, though the *Spectator*, as we have said, takes no responsibility for the management of the fund, or for the working of the experiment, we wish it all possible success and shall watch it with the closest sympathy.

THE THEATRE

A FEW SPECIAL CASES

Two plays illustrating special "cases" begin the autumn theatrical season in London. Both of them—Mr. Mordaunt Shairp's *The Offence*, at Wyndham's Theatre, and Mr. Ackerley's *The Prisoners of War*, at the Playhouse—had already been given before limited audiences. We shall see whether these psycho-analytical or pathological studies can appeal to the after-dinner moods of the West End.

Mr. Ackerley's play has the great merit of restraint. He possesses a very remarkable power—for a new dramatist—of revealing his people by brief utterance. He can avoid dissertation, argument, unnaturally prolonged analysis. These interned officers of his, hemmed in by the "homicidal" Alps of Mürren, get on one another's nerves, simply by being themselves. The only tincture of a slight theatricality is the intervention of an all-too-feminine seductress who might have been omitted had Mr. Ackerley not felt impelled thus to break the fine monotony of his picture of the public-school atmosphere, abnormally restored for a time to thwarted men, who form coteries and bicker, under the stress of their half-conscious jealousies. Captain Conrad's "case" dominates the others. As Madame Louis, the enchantress from Interlaken, reminds him, he "does not like much the fair sex"—wants sarcastically to know, in fact, which sex that is—and so gives his maimed affection to the male equivalent of an exasperating flapper, named Grayle. And the worst of it is that, like so many men of his temperament, he cheats himself into the belief that he likes Grayle because Grayle is "clean." "His life is like an open book." "Hardly worth reading though," as he is warned by his other and true friend, Adelby, of whom Mr. Ivor Barnard makes a living portrait. Was it strictly necessary, thereupon, to make Conrad medically a sick man? Is it a fault in Mr. Ackerley's very sincere delineation that he has heightened Conrad's plight by giving him headaches, insomnia, and fits; and finally sending him off insane, to watch the evening glow from his balcony? Would not Conrad's case have been more usefully generalized without the morbid accompaniment of high-Alpine depression? In essence, his was the very common story of a man loving, but not lovable. However, his passion might have seemed merely a piece of sentimentality had it not been sharpened by dementia; and the device attenuates Mr. Ackerley's boldness in making Conrad, after all, sympathetic—though I am bound to say that Mr. George Hayes does little to help him in that direction; harshly, raspingly, as he plays the part, with too little gradation to show the mounting excitability of a sick soul.

Another sick man was Mr. Shairp's Martin Stapleton, whose mental freedom is obstructed by what the experts call a "trauma"—since they *will* call everything ancient by new names, which, as Walter Pater used to say of "hedonist," make "such a bad impression on those who don't know Greek." Martin was cruelly punished by an ogrish father in early youth. The curtain of the first act happily veils this scene. But it is Mr. Shairp's misfortune that, in order to exhibit the wound, he has to give us a rather tediously disproportionate introduction, involving much infantile prattle and Martin's breaking of a valuable china bowl. In maturity, the poor fellow, mentally dislocated, is still searching for the causes of his inhibitions and fears—his horror of bowls and his distrust of fathers. He recovers when his buried complex is revealed to him. You know the theory. We *must* be giving our faith to something or to somebody. At the moment, many people

give theirs to the science or art which would persuade us that nerves shattered to the point almost of insanity will be healed, and tyrannical fathers will seem pleasantly paternal, if you reveal to their victims the incident that immediately precipitated a dislike. It is an optimistic theory which Mr. Shairp develops very skilfully, with the help of Mr. Harcourt Williams, as the adult Martin, and of Mr. Frederick Leister —when I saw the play—as the father.

Since then, Mr. Leister has begun to deal with another special case. He is the doctor who gives us one of the few credible characters (at the Adelphi) in a play of the flaming serial type which the energetic Mr. Michael Arlen has adapted from his own novel, *The Green Hat*. A doctor is needed here. An interpreter might have been added. Why does "Boy" Fenwick hurl himself from a hotel window at Deauville, immediately after his marriage to Iris, who made one of the accursed county family of the Marchs—unfortunates who "are never let off anything"? Mystery! A maniac in the shape of Iris's brother Gerald (frantically played by Mr. Eric Maturin) shrieks at us that "Boy" was "clean"; "Boy" had no fault. Another special case, Gerald's, evidently. His view seems to be confirmed by Iris, who murmurs that "Boy died for purity," as the first act ends. Mystery still....

But Iris was apparently in love, not with "Boy," but with a promising, shingled young man named Napier. Why, just because Boy killed himself, Iris should have run off the rails, leaving Napier to get married, I cannot imagine—nor why she suddenly returned, in her celebrated car, to bother Napier and to lure him to his fall. Her excuse was that brother Gerald lay dying not far off; and of him it can at least be said that he didn't die for purity. He died of drink. But it is Iris's way to keep constantly snatching at Napier and then dropping him, while she talks cant about the "clean eyes" of his bride. Soon she adopts the well-known stage plan of such "heroines" —she falls ill in a convent nursing-home, in France. This time it is the doctor who telegraphs for Napier; and we have an absurd Shoreditch-melodramatic scene, in which the night-gowned invalid salutes the "sweet face" of her lover in the manner of the last act of *La Dame aux Camélias*; and then, seeing his wife, whom Napier has tactlessly brought with him, lets him go again—only to make another of her eccentric automobilistic dashes at him in his ancestral home in England, where (third act of *La Dame aux Camélias*) she is lectured by his father and begged not to spoil his career. Off she goes again with Napier, after she has explained to the assembled company that "Boy" died because he had a foul malady—died for impurity, in fact.

Have we got rid of both? No such luck! A last dash, a final mystery. Iris sends Napier back and drives her car into a carefully prepared elm tree. Why? Only Iris knows. But I was relieved that Napier, in his hot grief, hadn't time to assure us that Iris "died for purity." He is probably telling his wife that now. I gathered, from the loud approval of all the ardent green hatters in the audience, that this pretentious "movie" drama, seasoning cant with spice, may quite possibly be in for a long run. I am sure it will delight devotees of American films of the dash-in-and-out, rolling-eyed, frequent "close-up" variety. R. J.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MINERS' OUTPUT

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—One of your correspondents, A. S. B., says that whilst coal output per man has fallen off, as compared with pre-War days, by only about 10 per cent. here, it has fallen by about 25 per cent. in France. This statement, like many that are going round the country, appears to be based on figures given in the House of Commons recently. But those bald figures were misleading. In France, and also Belgium, an abnormal percentage of the workers at the mines have been employed since the War, and are still employed, on repairs, developments, etc. The bald figures of output per man employed at the mines, regardless of the work they are doing, are useless. Indeed, they are worse than useless, for they are mischievous. The unexplained and grossly misleading figures given by our Minister of Mines have been seized upon, and are being used, for false agitation by the Socialists. The hard fact remains that British miners, doing no special development work, but with better tools than before the War, are yielding a much lower output per man-shift, and that our direct pit labour costs are far higher than those in any competitive country. This is the root cause of our industrial depression.—I am, Sir, &c., E. T. GOOD.

THE CENSORSHIP OF THE DRAMA

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I know not by what fantastic slip of the pencil I conveyed that I was in favour of retaining the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain. I do not wonder at the incredulity with which you reported this apparent aberration. I will make my position clear as briefly as I can.

When the retinue of Henry VIII. accreted a more or less well behaved bobtail of jugglers, acrobats, minstrels, players and so forth, it was necessary to place them under the authority of an official of the King's household, without any constitutional checks whatever. He probably exercised it in extreme instances with a dogwhip. The present absolutely despotic control of the drama by the Lord Chamberlain, though statutory, represents the dogwhip of Henry's Master of the Revels. It has obviously no relation to existing circumstances.

The Lord Chamberlain may be a most admirable master of the King's household without the smallest acquaintance with the theatre or its literature. I can remember a Lord Chamberlain who began by asking "Who is Tolstoy?" His aristocratic contempt for professional persons in general, and for such riffraff as theatrical folk and journalists in particular, was so superb that when at last he realized that his department had been complained of for licensing a loose play, he retorted by making the author of that play his official Reader of Plays, quite in the spirit of Anatole France's aristocrat who concluded his written reply to a democratic remonstrance by the formula "Receive my toe in your five thousand behinds."

He was probably an ideal Lord Chamberlain.

One of his predecessors accepted a handsome present of plate from the London managers. If he had been a Prime Minister or a Lord Chief Justice, England would have rung with the scandal. As it was, nobody minded.

There is no reason to doubt that he, too, was everything that a Lord Chamberlain ought to be. We have only to contrast the appeal of etiquette and of the details of royal house-keeping and court dress with the appeal of art and literature as elements of national culture to see that the presumption must always be that the better the Chamberlain the worse the Censor.

Besides, if we are to have an historical drama, it is obviously advisable that the King should not be implicated in its judgments, as he must be as long as his chief domestic officer has the power to bind or loose the dramatist. A performance of *The Mikado* is at present a lampoon on a foreign ruler to which the King is accessory. An attempt was actually made to suppress it on this account after it dawned on us that Japan was a civilized and formidable Power which we should have to take seriously in future. At one time I thought of writing a play about Mahomet; but as I foresaw that it could not be performed without compromising the King with our then dear political friend Turkey, I gave it up.

In short, the one person on earth who should have nothing to do with a largely satirical and discourteous art which raises fierce controversy on subjects on which the Court is constitutionally obliged to be neutral, is the Lord Chamberlain.

Unfortunately the precedents set by him have made all your correspondents incapable of conceiving any form of theatre control except that exercised at St. James's Palace. For example, the startling success of the control of the variety theatres by the London County Council, which transformed the wretched old vulgar music-halls into our Coliseums and Empires, suggests control by the local authorities. Immediately there is a cry of "Imagine the London County Council reading plays and taking a vote whether they should be licensed or not!" as if any sane person had ever contemplated such a physical impossibilty. What is possible is that theatres should be licensed annually by the local authority as hotels are; so that if a theatre be grossly misconducted the renewal of the licence can be opposed on the motion of any of the

representatives, and prevented if he or she can convince the majority, a condition which no bigot or crank could fulfil. The authority could also be approached by deputation, as in the once famous case of the late Mrs. Ormiston Chant and the Empire promenade.

In the case of a hotel, the reason for cancelling the licence must be what is called a judicial reason: that is, a licensing justice must not refuse a licence because he is a convinced teetotaller. A local councillor objecting to the renewal of a theatre licence because in his opinion the theatre is the gate of hell should be out of order. Further, the character of any of the plays performed should not be brought into question unless the manager had been prosecuted and convicted for performing it.

The always possible prosecution of a manager for obscene, blasphemous, or seditious libel should be reserved for the Public Prosecutor. The irresponsible common informer, representing no one but himself, or possibly some society of prudish bigots, should be abolished. It is within the competence of a local authority at present to call the attention of the Public Prosecutor to a questionable play or to anything else which seems to call for his intervention; but he is not bound to take any action thereon if, from his central view of public policy, he does not think action advisable.

Under such conditions the performance of a play could not be prevented. But any manager tempted to misconduct his theatre, either on the stage or, what is far more important, in the front of the house, would have consequences to face sufficient to keep him in much better order than at present. The stage does not matter so much, because it is always powerfully censored by the audience when the audience is a genuine play-loving audience. The dangerous person is not the supposedly licentious playwright, but the manager who uses free admissions to a theatre as a bait for his bars and his promenaders.

Managers, actors, and theatre financiers as a body will never consent to any reform: it must be carried over their heads. To them the Lord Chamberlain is an unmixed blessing. Without him they would be in the hands of the author; for it is not their business to judge whether a play should or should not be performed from the point of view of public morals or politics or religion. Many of them are honestly and utterly incapable of understanding the sort of play that puzzles the Censor. If Mr. Redford, a professional censor, could misunderstand *The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet* as ludicrously as he did, how is an unfortunate "backer," or manager, or even actor-manager, whose abilities and accomplishments imply no critical powers, to know whether *The Cenci*, or *Die Walküre*, or *The Power of Darkness*, or *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, is permissible or not? At present he takes them to the Lord Chamberlain; and if the Lord Chamberlain says No, the drama may be strangled, but the manager knows where he is, and simply brings along *On with the Dance* (an excellent revue, by the way, but not a vital contribution to the development of our theatre), to which the Lord Chamberlain says "Yes: two guineas, please." For that two guineas the manager gets a royal defence against any possible attack by the police, the common informer, the Public Prosecutor, the local authority, or anyone else. What manager would grudge the money, or not die in the last ditch in defence of his noble guarantor?

I see I have not been brief; but I hope my views are now clear.—I am, Sir, &c., G. Bernard Shaw.

[After reading Mr. Bernard Shaw's entertaining letter, we believe more strongly than ever in the optional censorship recommended by the Joint Committee of 1906. If such a censorship were introduced the managers and actors would still have the protection which they would rather die than give up. The serious playwrights like Mr. Shaw, when burning to introduce a hazardous subject to the public, would not take the risk of being refused a licence. They would produce the play without one. If Mr. Shaw wrote his *Mahomet*, produced it under these conditions, and was prosecuted, we would be willing to pay all the costs of his defence.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—As a side issue to this question, it is amusing to observe that while the Church presses the Bible into the hand of every child who can read, it would deny to the child's parents the trivial lubricities of our younger writers for the stage. A boy or girl may study the Old Testament, while the father of them must not listen to Mr. Noel Coward!—I am, Sir, &c.,

Eden Phillpotts.

Torquay.

[But it is not only the parents who are offered the trivial lubricities. The author of *The Farmer's Wife* has such a delightful power of discrimination—for his critical humour amounts to that—that he surprises us when he makes a comparison that leaves intention out of the matter. Every serious history of wicked man is tolerable, even for the young; many vicious works of art are tolerable because they have won their place in literature. So long as the commentary—if any—is the work of a scholar we do not complain. But all that is different from the same material dealt out with leers and winks.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

HOMECROFT SETTLEMENT FUND

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—However fortune may be going to requite you further for your generous decision to lend your pages for all these weeks to assist my humble effort to set on foot a Homecrofting Experiment in England, it is at least clear that you are to have the satisfaction of knowing that your readers have responded nobly; and I assure you it is with a heart full of gratitude that I write these final words—for the present—to them and to you.

Of all the encouragements which have come, in an enterprise which, despite its incidental disappointments, has been full of encouragement, none is greater than this: that the capital raised by the *Spectator* has consisted so considerably of small amounts. I am sure I may say so without the least suggestion of lack of gratitude to the generous contributors of the large sums. It reinforces, to me, a conviction which everything else enforces; namely, that there is a vast unconscious trend of public opinion this way, a rising tide of belief in this kind of thing. The heart of industrialised England, turning with visible longing towards the depleted country-side must, and is preparing to, recover healing contact with the earth in a fresh way; and this fresh way—unless she is to de-industrialise herself, which is unthinkable—must be somehow effected through our new means of transport enabling the industrialists themselves to till the soil. Some of us believe that we have seen the outline of a practical way towards the beginning of this. For an experiment devoted to the further defining of this outline, and the turning of it, if possible, into a definite beaten track, your readers have given or promised money; some offering free gifts, and some capital for investment. To all of these I wish to offer grateful thanks; and particularly to the donors of free gifts, the destiny of which will be to help to meet the indispensable "formation expenses," which ought not, in fairness, to be charged to the ordinary sources of income in a pioneer enterprise of this kind.

But before you decree the disappearance of the Homecrofting Experiment, even temporarily, from your pages, some of your readers—especially those whose promises of financial help have been made conditional on the option being exercised which was kindly bought for us upon a certain particular tract of land—will want some report from me on how the matter now stands; and while studying brevity closely, I must endeavour to say what is relevant and important to them, as clearly as possible. First, then, let it be clear that no disappointments we have yet had (see, *e.g.*, the *Spectator* for August 22nd) are such as to prevent an experiment going forward. Secondly, although the two friends who bought the option which expired on August 22nd have legally forfeited their gift, the actual land in respect of which the option was bought is, as I write, still on the market. But thirdly, owing in part to the publicity you have given to our objects and the wide sympathy they have received, other possibilities in the way of land have meanwhile sailed into our view, and it is quite on the cards that some of them may prove better for our purposes, as well as nearer to our purse, than the larger slice which we had originally set our hearts upon. And if those whose offers were conditional upon our exercising the option we had could be so good as to allow us to understand their offers as renewed, and renewed in respect of whichever site our committee of investigation may find most promising, it would be very greatly appreciated. And this brings me to

the last point, the situation at the present moment; which is that a strong committee of investigation under Mr. G. P. Hopcraft, of Southam, Prestbury, who was introduced to us through the kindness of Sir James Agg-Gardner, M.P. for Cheltenham, are now thrashing out the whole proposition, with a view to the available sites, and will report to the Society where and how the experiment will have the best chance—meaning by that, of course, the best chance, on the one hand, of keeping the Homecroft rents low, and on the other hand, of securing a return upon the capital. Their endeavour will be to secure the capital some return first, and to bring the rents to the minimum possible after that. Their labours may be somewhat protracted, as the issue they are settling is crucial; but it would be the poorest of economies to grudge them the time required for having it thoroughly done. As it is impossible, until that report is ready, to define with adequate legal precision the footing on which the work is to be conducted, the actual formation and the framing of rules of the Society have been postponed till after that time. It may be weeks or months therefore before I can feasibly ask for the hospitality of the *Spectator* again. But I am always willing to answer private inquiries as fully as ever time permits; and I am always to be found, by letter, at University College, Cardiff.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. W. Scott.

[We refer to this letter in our last leading article. We have to acknowledge the receipt of £5 for the fund from Miss H. Reid, and a promise of £2 from Dr. E. S. Russell.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE COAL INDUSTRY

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—In reply to "Managing Director," I mean "distillation" and not "carbonisation." I should have appreciated his criticisms more if he had signed his name. I wonder if he has any constructive suggestions to put forward to resuscitate the coal trade, or is he only critical of others? The technical papers read at Leeds, to which he refers, were by Government officials or scientists, who are not interested, as he rightly says, in the coal trade. Will "Managing Director" accept the opinion of the Ministry of Mines as to whether the coal trade is properly run or not? Again, is Mr. Gee a practical coal man? I always understood him to be an eminent journalist.

Would "Managing Director" accept the opinions of leading coalowners in this country and abroad as to whether low temperature distillation has arrived or not? If so, he can have them. Whether it has arrived or not, I think we must all agree that it is better to spend £15,000,000 on wages for work done, with a possible chance of recovering the expenditure later, than paying away that amount in doles, and by doing so helping forward the disintegration of civilized society.—I am, Sir, &c.,

M. F. Bernhard.

INDUSTRY AND PROFITS

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—Mr. E. J. Fox, in his article on Co-partnership, misses an important point, which emphasizes the advantage of the present system when this is worked efficiently. His company, when paying 10 per cent. profit, pays out in dividends one shilling and ninepence for every twenty shillings paid to labour. So that labour actually receives 92 per cent. and capital 8 per cent.

It is not generally realized that labour also benefits from the 8 per cent., and that for this "deduction" in wages from the maximum possible, the necessary means of working is secured. This charge covers buildings to work in, modern machinery to carry on operations, supply of raw material, and the disposal of finished materials.

Take an ordinary industrial company, with a capital of £360,000, which pays £30,000 in dividends and employs 1,500 hands. The workman pays £20 per annum, so that this so-called "capital" can find employment for his labour under conditions where he remains a free agent. In cases where a profit-sharing scheme exists he will receive part of the 8 per cent., a very desirable condition in practice. The present system, therefore, offers him (under normal conditions) the right to choose his place of working and freedom to change his work. Under the so-called capitalistic system, his wages are a first charge on profits, dividends being a reserve against the breakdown of this system. All this service is obtained at a cost of eight shillings a week. The main question, therefore, is—can greater benefits be obtained under any other system and can an equal amount of freedom be secured if the State runs the works? Someone must face the charges of erecting works, keeping them in order, renewing machinery and overseeing expenditure. From personal experience I very much doubt whether the collective running of industry by the State could compete with private ownership, when competition prevails, and things are run at a state of high efficiency.

When industry is run privately the State is free from direct loss in case of failure. It takes a certain proportion of profits (from the 8 per cent.) for general expenses, and can concentrate upon those things which everyone acknowledges must be run by the State, defence, telegraph system, postage, &c. No one has been able to devise a system of working where all workers work for the State and remain free agents. They must be cut to pattern and controlled, and work under a system of semi-forced labour. Is this worth while for the sake of a possible eight shillings a week, which would certainly be passed on to others? In many cases the eight shillings is reduced to four shillings or less.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. P. Dreaper.

THE REPAYMENT OF WAR LOANS

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—I am glad that your correspondent, "E. J. C.," takes exception to the view that War Loan Stock was subscribed for in paper and, therefore, should be repaid at less than its par value. If we get down to bedrock, we shall find, surely, that paper, equally with gold, is earned by work done. The work, after hibernating awhile as gold or paper, is exchanged for an annuity. It is immaterial whether the medium is gold or paper in the present instance. Subscribers to War Loan Stock received no more paper pounds than the number of gold pounds which they would have received had gold remained the sole legal tender. Or is it argued that most subscriptions arose from profits which otherwise would not have been made?

The paper pound was accepted as a makeshift in the expectation of an ultimate return to gold. Further, the amount of the annuity was guaranteed for a fixed number of years, not for the life of the paper pound.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. A. Lea.

Silverthorne, Camberley.

EXTRATERRITORIALITY IN CHINA

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—In the constant cry which we now hear for the abolition of extraterritoriality in China, is it realized, in Great Britain, to what level would the treaty ports concerned descend under Chinese administration? A striking example is furnished by Tsingtao, where, in the enclosed cutting, its present condition is graphically described by a correspondent. As a contrast thereto I append portion of a report I wrote to my directors, after visiting this port in May, 1914.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Ronald Macdonald.

21 *Jinkee Road, Shanghai.*

[The following is an extract from the cutting to which our correspondent refers:—

Tsingtao.

"This port has been held by the German Government for some seventeen years, and one leaves it with a feeling of admiration for what has been effected during this period. Money has been spent unstintingly, and fine roads, well built buildings, and striking progress in afforestation are abundantly seen. The régime under which these improvements have been brought about is exemplified in the respectful demeanour of the natives and the absence of beggars; a remarkable feature in a port in the East.

"I lectured in different cities and asked that China be given every support in her aims for a self-governed nation. Many persons of influence came to share my views and aspirations for China. Recently I have been receiving letters from home calling my attention to addresses I made during my visit to the States. I can only apologize for what I now clearly see were inadvertent promises and pledges on the part of the people I had come to love as brothers. China is in no position to govern Tsingtao or any other place that has been developed by foreigners. Politics, squeeze and graft hold the pre-eminence here as is the case in every Chinese governed city in China."

—Ed. *Spectator*.]

PROHIBITION IN AMERICA

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In the *Spectator* for August 8th I have observed a letter by J. T. Rhys, Esq., on American prohibition. I assume that his information reaches him at second hand, and that, being deceived, he is not responsible for his statements of fact. It is the habit of prohibition propagandists to attribute all good things that have happened here since prohibition went into nominal effect to that as a cause, meanwhile ignoring the evil, and Mr. Rhys gives a characteristic list. Mr. Rhys's claims are as follows:—

1. "An estimated reduction of 250,000 industrial accidents per annum." Until the proof is forthcoming I must decline to believe anything of the kind, and the more so in view of what follows.

2. "The closing of nearly 2,000 prisons." Naturally, there has been a reduction of convictions for drunkenness, but against that we have, as a development since prohibition, an increase of serious crimes that is appalling, a menace and a danger to the country. Meanwhile, the police are watching and arresting people with hip flasks in their pockets while burglary, highway robbery and murder go undetected and unpunished to a degree that would be shocking to an Englishman. That the impression should have been sent to England that prohibition has been followed by a diminution of crime would be unbelievable were it not a fact. It discredits every statement from the same source, and it is at once an illustration and a demonstration of my strictures on propagandists.

3. "The entire absence of an unemployment problem." American-born boys will not learn mechanical trades. We have always depended on immigrants for manual labour of all grades and, following the closing of the doors to unrestricted immigration, there is a natural and inevitable shortage of such labour. To attribute this shortage to prohibition is absurd.

4. "A measure of economic prosperity without precedent in the history of the world." It is true that the country is prosperous, but not more so than at many times in the past and less so in some branches of industry. Many attribute the present prosperity to the unexampled wages paid to all classes of manual labour, due to the shortage mentioned above. I am not enough of an economist to judge whether this explanation is sound or not, although it does explain the increased savings bank deposits, so often referred to as one of the benefits of prohibition. I submit, however, that a claim for economic prosperity, a mere matter of dollars, is an inappropriate substitute for the promised great moral reform which was the mainspring of the movement for prohibition, and which our crime record shows to be a ghastly failure. When before were morals traded for dollars by those who assume to be the moral leaders of the community?

5. "An increase of nearly one million and a quarter in Church membership in one year." Here we have a perfect example of attributing all good things to prohibition. Granting it to be true, though I have no reason for doing so, a more probable cause is the renewed preaching of hell-fire and damnation by the fundamentalists. As a matter of fact, pastors everywhere lament and deplore the indifference of the public to church attendance.

6. "An unparalleled national quickening in education." The chief "quickening" observable is the activity (successful to an alarming degree) of the fundamentalists in suppressing the teaching of evolution, and this is directly traceable to prohibition, for it is the success in the putting across of that issue that has taught the clergy their political power.

And there is no reason to suppose that they will stop at evolution. On the contrary, there is every indication that we have before us a fight with organized bigotry and intolerance for the preservation of elemental personal rights, and this is another example of the spawn of prohibition. Against all the benefits claimed for prohibition is to be placed an appalling disregard of and contempt for law—primarily, of course, the prohibition law, but with others following inevitably in its train. Even more serious is the clogging of our court calendars with petty prohibition cases (thousands in some courts) while crime goes unpunished. Our administration of criminal law has always been slow enough, but, with the delays due to prohibition cases, witnesses are scattered and conviction in many cases becomes impossible. There is no question that this relative immunity from conviction is a large factor in the hitherto unknown boldness and assurance of the criminal classes. The breakdown of our criminal law is a universal subject of conversation and of discussion in the Press. A citizens' Crime Commission of national scope, hitherto unthought of, is now being organized in the effort to deal with this product of prohibition.

The results of this experiment may be summed up in a sentence: The physical results are good but the moral results are deplorable, and, paradoxically, the bad effects are the results of prohibition while the good ones are not. The good results are the effect of the suppression of the saloon, for which we all rejoice, but which might have been brought about by much simpler and more rational means. The bad results are the effect of forbidding one man to drink a glass of wine because another drinks too much whisky.—I am, Sir, &c.,

The Engineers' Club, FREDERICK A. HALSEY.
32 West Fortieth Street, New York.

THE INNOCENT DIVORCED PERSON

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I do not often see the *Spectator*, but it so happens that this week a copy of the issue of August 22nd has come into my hands, wherein I was greatly interested to find, and to read, "Layman's" excellent letter on this subject. Personally, I agree with every word he writes, and rejoice that he has done so, for I have never yet been able to understand how any of those who (presumably) "profess and call themselves Christians" seem entirely unable, and (I fear) unwilling, to grasp the fact that to tar the innocent and the guilty with the same brush is, at all times, wholly antagonistic to the very first principles both of Christian charity and of British justice; and, as such action is (as "Layman" points out) based on a passage of, admittedly, doubtful authenticity, one could have hoped that yet another British attribute—common sense—might be brought into play, at least to give the innocent party the "benefit of the doubt." As a matter of fact, I have often a couple, in point, staying with me, and I have sometimes wondered what line my friends and neighbours might adopt towards them (*and myself*) were they to know!—I am, Sir, &c.,

THE WIFE, DAUGHTER, AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF A PARSON.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE CLERGY TOWARDS DIVORCE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Layman," deserves the sympathy of all men of good will. Does Christianity really run "contrary to Nature and Common Sense"? Is this credible? Is it even conceivable to the truly Christian mind? Yet we of the clergy have blundered somehow into a false position, and our attitude towards marriage and divorce offends the public conscience and is bringing marriage into contempt. And why? Because we have studied books more than life, poring over the decrees of bygone councils but neglecting the study of marriage itself in the light of Christianity. We quote the words of the Master as a heathen might have quoted an oracle. Words should be interpreted with reference to the character of the speaker when his character is known, and the character of Christ *is* known, since it is fully and clearly portrayed in the New Testament. But who would guess when Christ's words about divorce are quoted that they fell from the same gracious lips that talked long with the woman of Samaria, who had had five husbands; that refused to condemn the woman taken in adultery; and spoke words of mercy to the prostitute? What layman could guess that we clergy had ever read these Scriptures? We ignore these pregnant narratives, and in consequence both marriage and divorce are clumsily and cruelly mishandled.

Legalized prostitution may receive the blessing of the Church. A rich old *roué* may marry a girl of seventeen without protest from us, but if a woman deserts her husband or a husband is faithless to his wife we forbid the innocent party to remarry. One partner may become a confirmed drunkard or a hopeless lunatic, but there is no relief for the other, and we

keep a woman bound for life to a murderer whose sentence has been commuted to penal servitude.

Does anyone believe that abominations like these are in accordance with the teaching of Christ? Cannot we clergy try to be true to the Master? Let us cast off the dead hand of ancient monks and honestly try to christianize marriage here and now in this our England of the twentieth century.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. POYNTZ SANDERSON,
Emsworth, Hants, Clerk in Holy Orders.

LITTER

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—For many years before the present agitation against the ever-increasing litter in our streets and public spaces I have been endeavouring in my own small way to combat the evil, so I read "A.'s" spirited account of the act of vandalism he actually witnessed with great interest. Many suggest burning the debris after a picnic meal, but the risk of destroying our beauty-spots is too great, for few holiday-makers could be trusted to do the job properly. Nor do waste-paper receptacles meet the difficulty except in adequate numbers, and we do not want our commons and hillsides dotted about with them. Rubbish receptacles, unless frequently emptied, are a menace to health, and someone has to be paid to empty them. But if each holiday party *brings home its own rubbish* the difficulty vanishes. Surely those who cling tightly to their parcels in packed train, tube, and 'bus, who emerge triumphant from booking-office queues and platform scrums could, when the contents of these same packages are eaten, bring home the tiny parcel that is left! The nuisance is equally spreading in the towns, and some of our finest streets are becoming dumping-grounds for all sorts of rubbish. For years I have persuaded my friends piecemeal to promise solemnly never to throw anything down in town or country, and though they execrate me when we meet, they keep their word! They also agree to persuade one other person to do the same. It is hard at first to put one's ticket in one's pocket instead of throwing it on the floor of the 'bus (the conductor at intervals picks them up and throws them out!) or the pavement. Now the habit is so ingrained that I should find it difficult to do otherwise. If your readers would join my society and keep its two simple rules a wholly beneficent "snowball" would gather momentum and the world would be a little tidier.—I am, Sir, &c., C. M. K.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—R. W. Emerson once said: "Manners form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned." Manners are the "happy ways of doing things" in life, and the habit of tidiness is not least important among their number.

Of recent years, and especially since the opening of Ken Wood, much has been said upon the subject of litter. The *Spectator* has published some eloquent paragraphs under this title. The object must be to attempt to develop in the mind of the British public a conception of tidiness as a necessary part of decency, and, as the *Spectator* has already asserted, "continual suggestion" can bring the desired improvement. Example and suggestion must combine to spread the habit of neatness, but, above all, the subject must not be dropped from discussion until some definite success has been achieved. Habits, whether they be good or bad, are very communicable: men catch them from each other. In Aberdeen I have seen an old Scotsman actually walk the entire length of a tramcar in order to place his single ticket in a waste-paper box which was at the other end of the car. He set an example which many passengers must have noticed, and which a few may have copied. Would that some Aberdonian could teach us how to keep our Regent Street as free from litter as is Union Street in the "Granite City"!—I am, Sir, &c., G. P.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—One need not go so far afield as Berkshire or to a Roman site as instanced by your two correspondents in last week's *Spectator* to view misplaced litter. An inspection, when the water is clear, of the bottom of the lake in St. James's Park tells its own tale. This now practically consists of a layer of the slowly disintegrating remains of *Daily Mails*, paper bags, match boxes, empty cigarette packets, old rags, shoesoles, and other rubbish. I recently watched two nicely-dressed women feeding the ducks with crumbs brought in a sheet of newspaper. Although within six yards of a receptacle for waste-paper they preferred to throw theirs into the lake!—I am, Sir, &c., H. A. F. M.

FARM WORK FOR TOWN BOYS AND GIRLS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Your correspondent's suggestion of farm work for town boys and girls sounds attractive, but my experience this summer shows it quite impossible to obtain. During the War one of my sons, a public school boy, worked during the summer holidays for a farmer to his own enjoyment and increased knowledge and to the farmer's satisfaction. Accordingly, I thought I could obtain for his twin brothers, six years younger, now aged nineteen, similar work. They have had the advantage of a year's experience at a good agricultural college. They were prepared to work hard at whatever was wanted during this July and August, or part of them, and we tried through friends a good many counties as far apart as Norfolk and Somerset. They asked no wages beyond board and lodging. To our surprise and disappointment not a single job could they obtain. For poultry it was the slack time; for fruit and corn plenty of additional local labour could be obtained whenever wanted. There was also the difficulty of affording accommodation, though the services of either one or both was suggested. If they could have milked cows the boys could have easily found employment, but apparently nothing else was of use, and no additional labour was needed of which there was not an over-abundant supply.—I am, Sir, &c., E. M.

THE BLACKSMITH'S STROKE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—If Mr. Barker had been able to hold converse with the blacksmith he would have been told that the repeated strokes on the anvil are to enable the smith to correct his hold on the handle of the hammer. The heavy blow causes a slight movement of the grip, and the knock on the anvil is when the smith regrips the handle.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. W. MOSES.

129, *Exeter Street, Plymouth.*

THE CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF THE PEW

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In the *Spectator* of August 22nd your reviewer laments that the author of *An Entertainment for Lady-Dayes* should have fallen into the error of supposing that the chapel of our Lady of the Pew was in Westminster Abbey. It is true that the passage from Stow quoted by him referred to the chapel adjoining St. Stephen's Chapel in the Palace of Westminster, and not to a chapel in the Abbey church; nevertheless, such a chapel did exist, on the North side of the church, and was referred to in Henry VII.'s time as "the chapell of our ladie . . . called the olde lady of Pewe." (Indenture of foundation of the chapel called of Henry VII., Lansdown MS. 441.)—I am, Sir, &c., HEDLEY HOPE-NICHOLSON.

Oxford & Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

SCIENCE AND LIFE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In your interesting article on the above subject you seem to imply that science has thrown no light on religion—that though the discoveries are genuine we ought not to draw any inferences from them, because scientists are "bad metaphysicians." But if the scientists tell us the facts every man, at least every Protestant, can draw his own inferences. For instance, if man is descended from an ape-like ancestor, his supposed sins are the inherited ape-like characteristics derived from his progenitors, and the whole theory of his being a "hell deserving sinner" breaks down—that horrible and degrading superstition is gone for ever for thinking men. That, surely, is the greatest triumph that science has won for us. No such boon has come to mankind since the beginning

of the Christian era, and if we are not grateful to scientists we ought to be.—I am, Sir, &c., J. T. N. Roche.

Kincora, Lyme Regis, Dorset.

P.S.—Is not that evidently what President Wilson meant by a "liberty from superstitious fear"?

THE HUMANE SLAUGHTER OF ANIMALS

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—The letter in your issue of August 8th is so entirely at variance with my own experience of fifty years in slaughter-houses (during nearly thirty of which I was Superintendent of one of the most important municipal slaughterhouses in Britain) that I crave your indulgence for a brief reply.

For twenty-five years all our cattle were slaughtered with humane instruments, and this was approved of by the butchers, both masters and men, and no fear of danger from the bullet existed. Out of 100,000 cattle slaughtered there was only one very small mishap, and that due to the man's carelessness. This is a very small percentage compared with the great advantages obtained. I am quite at a loss to understand how, as your correspondent states, one shot out of every six failed to be effective. I have personally visited nearly fifty slaughterhouses in this country, and have myself demonstrated on cattle in twenty of these places, and have never registered a single failure. If your correspondent would give me the opportunity, I think I could with a hundred cartridges effectively render unconscious a hundred cattle of any size, sex or breed, without placing any person in danger or injuring any part of the carcase. How any man with so much experience can defend the poleaxe I cannot understand. Only a few weeks ago I saw a slaughterman at work with his first beast, a medium sized cow. The first blow with the poleaxe failed to be effective, the second entered the nostril, and the third perhaps would not have been really successful had not a cane been run up through the hole made with the poleaxe—a process quite unnecessary where the Humane Killer is in use.

With regard to the expense, let me commend the action of my old employers, the Corporation of Carlisle. They supply all the instruments and cartridges, are responsible for the cleaning of the instruments, and pay the cost of all repairs. But even if the expense had to be borne by the butcher himself, it would only raise, at a maximum, the price of a beast costing £25 to £25 0s. 3d., including cost of instrument and cartridges. Compare that with the great humanitarian gain obtained in the abolition of all the suffering and torture caused by the poleaxe, and you will at once decide that the old method must give place to the modern one.—I am, Sir, &c.,

John Dodds,
Expert Adviser to the Animal Defence Society,
late Superintendent Carlisle Municipal Abattoir.

Letchworth, Herts.

THE BIRMINGHAM SETTLEMENT

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—The Committee of the Birmingham Settlement believe that there may be some among your readers who will be interested in the openings for social work offered by the Settlement, which was founded twenty-six years ago in one of the poorest districts of the city. The Settlement occupies four large old-fashioned houses, and has rooms for sixteen residents besides clubrooms and a large assembly hall. Residents may be women who are able to give the whole of their time to the needs of the neighbourhood, or women having their own professional work who help in the Settlement activities in the evenings, or they may be students reading for the Social Study Diploma of the University of Birmingham, for which the practical training may be taken under the direction of the Warden of the Settlement.

Among the many branches of work undertaken by the Settlement are clubs for girls, boys and men, women's meetings, provident collecting and after-care of children leaving school. There is a branch office of the Birmingham Citizens' Society which deals with all forms of relief, and a branch of the Poor Man's Lawyer Association, and there is also a municipal nursery school. To the people of the neighbourhood the Settlement is a place where they can come for help in all their troubles.

There will probably be two or three vacancies for residents in September. Those who would like further information are asked to make early application to the Warden, Miss K. C. Dewar, M.A., who will be glad to answer any inquiries.—I am, Sir, &c., H. Christabel Vaudrey,

The Birmingham Settlement, Hon. Secretary.
318 *Summer Lane, Birmingham.*

A CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—Some weeks ago I conceived the idea of organizing an informal correspondence club among readers of the American *Nation*, to enable isolated and inarticulate intellectuals to exchange ideas with each other by letter. I wrote the *Nation* a letter it kindly published and so far nearly fifty have communicated with me wishing to join. We have felt, however, that we should have among our number some Conservatives, as we want to exchange opinions, not idiotically agree with each other interminably. Through the kindness of a Glasgow friend who shares with me the expense of a subscription I cannot afford alone, I read the *Spectator* regularly because it is something we do not have in the U.S.A.—an intelligent, tolerant, rational and cultured organ of Conservatism. For this reason also I beg its readers anywhere in the world to communicate with me if they care to join our informal correspondence club. Postage for a reply will be the sole expense unless circumstances later lead us to print a list and a bulletin.—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. Swann Harding.

Beltsville, Maryland, U.S.A.
July 22.

THE FOURTH DUKE OF INFANTADO

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—I would ask you to be so very good as to insert this letter for a troubled author who wants to know if any of your readers will tell him when Inigo, 4th Duke of Infantado (who succeeded to the Dukedom in 1531), died, and what family he had.—I am, Sir, &c., A. S. Baxendale.

£100 PRIZE FOR AN ESSAY ON UNEMPLOYMENT

An American reader of the *Spectator*, Mr. Gabriel Wells, has generously offered a prize of £100 for an essay on "Unemployment: Its Cause and Remedy." The maximum length of an essay is 1,200 words, but competitors should aim at confining themselves to 1,000 words. The Editor of the *Spectator* will judge the contributions and his decision will be final. The last date for receiving contributions at this office will be January 25th, 1926. The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the MSS. Competitors should mark their envelopes, "Unemployment Competition."

POETRY

THE BRITISH JOURNALIST

You cannot hope
to bribe or twist
(Thank God!) the
British journalist.
But seeing what the
man will do
unbribed, there's no
occasion to.

NATURE NOTES

The primrose on
the river's brim
Was one and six a
line to him.
And though he grumbled,
begged and swore,
(believe me!) it was
nothing more.

Humbert Wolfe.

A BOOK OF THE MOMENT

GAELIC POETRY UNDER THE PENAL LAWS

The Hidden Ireland. By Daniel Corkery. (Dublin: Gill. 10s. 6d.)

LECKY said that to write the history of Catholic Ireland under the Penal Laws a man must draw upon the annals of France, Austria and Spain; and it is true that during the eighteenth century all the best Gaelic blood sought a career overseas, leaving at home a mass of people gradually being driven down to serfdom, not even peasants in the proper sense, for they had no secure tenure of the land. Yet Lecky knew about this underlying stratum of people, the part of Ireland in direct contact with the soil, only what he could read in English. Now comes along another Irish writer, not merely able to read Gaelic, but imbued with the spirit of a culture that has its roots very far back, long centuries before English was a language; and he is able to show us that in the darkest hours *mens agitabat molem*, an intellectual life quickened the muddy lump. The moral of Mr. Corkery's book is that Gaelic Ireland in the eighteenth century had a future, because it retained conscious connexion with its past. Two earlier volumes by him, collections of short stories and sketches, throw much light on the Ireland of our day. Whoever wants to understand the struggle of 1919-21 ought to read *The Hounds of Banba* and learn how it looked to Sinn Fein. But this new work of literary study, though it has nothing authoritative or final about it, illuminates Irish history in its continuity. Mr. Corkery has in rare measure the gift of sympathetic interpretation, which excludes rancour, and other forms of narrowness. He can put things in their right place; his vision is at no point limited to Ireland. But the case that he makes, to my mind successfully, is that Irish literature has to be judged by its own standards, and not by those which the Renaissance imposed. The point of special interest about Irish poetry is that it was a public institution with a social character; it was essentially the product of schools. And he shows us the pathetic attempt of Gaelic Ireland, when it had become one obscure mass of peasantry, to preserve this institution—an instinctive effort to perpetuate what was most characteristic in the life of the race.

For, so long as there remained one unit of the loose knit fabric of States which made up Gaelic Ireland, poets were maintained at the public cost. Mr. W. F. Butler in his book on the Irish Confiscations quotes the letter of some English statesman marking down 2,000 acres which the Maguires of Fermanagh set apart for the upkeep of their poets and chroniclers, "persons that merit no respect but rather discountenance from the State." After the Ulster Plantation the last trace of Gaelic rulers was gone, but Mr. Corkery brings out very well that for more than a century the Big House with its hospitality to some extent made good what had been the tribal provision. The schools, however, did not and could not last so long as that, and the schools were the essence of the bardic tradition. Naturally, when poetry was a paying trade, men tried to keep it in the family; apprenticeship was rarely granted outside the family pale, and the craft imposed its own technical rules, most difficult of observance. Since they were accredited official poets, it lay with them to admit or reject; and both in diction and versification there was evolved an elaborate pedantry. But there was also definitely imposed the idea of style. Nothing in the world could be less like folk-song than the poetry of Gaelic Ireland in the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth, when the bard was no longer unofficial, buttressed up by many conservatisms, but depended upon individual patrons, he must please or starve; and Mr. Corkery quotes poems to show how grudgingly these experts consented to write what—so at least they said—nobody could fail to understand. Neither did they think that the bounty of their patrons was adequate to their deserts and their needs; but they still had possible patrons to look to when Egan O'Rahilly was born, in the reign of Charles II. He saw the final overthrow of Catholic Ireland, and lived on far into the penal days; but he wrote to the end as an aristocrat for aristocrats—survivor of an order which took rank with the nobles, writing the praise and the deeds of great princes and great families; and flinging his heart into passionate revilings and passionate lamentation of the changed Ireland.

O'Rahilly was perhaps the last of those who might be called professional poets: he had been trained in some survival of a bardic school, and was immensely erudite in genealogy; and he looked to live by patrons. The typical poets of the penal days grew up when poverty was the native portion of Catholic Gaeldom and every man of them had his trade. Most were schoolmasters, clever boys who had got Greek and Latin and English in a hedge-school, and set up on their own. But others were farmers—one or two even gentlemen farmers—and one at least was a publican, "Merry John O'Toomey" of County Limerick, who hung up a signboard with a hearty quatrain on it, to say that any wandering bard would be welcome, even though he lacked pence. The public-house, it may be added, "went broke." But few of the poets ever had anything to lose. They were peasants, as a class; vagabonds often, about as virtuous as Villon. Yet the art which they practised was not a peasant art: it was academic. The schools were dead, the race of poet-professors was extinct; but the instinct for the school survived, and they invented the Court of Poetry. At the summons of the leading poet of a district they would assemble, in the Big House, if one were hospitable, in the chief poet's barn (they called him the Sheriff) if it were good enough, or, failing these, in the tavern; and there by rush lights, in the turf smoke, they would listen to the verses which this man or that, perhaps a passing visitor, had composed. In several places the Court had its register, a volume in which approved pieces were inscribed. There was no question of print. All this literature has been preserved, only in manuscript or by memory; not a few pieces have come down only by word of mouth, transcribed in these last years from the dictation of some mountainy man who could neither read nor write. Yet there were masses of it. Of all the poets the most typical is the most popular—Owen Roe O'Sullivan, born about 1750 near Killarney, who set up a high school at eighteen and before he was twenty was ejected from it for trouble about a girl. Then he turned "spalpeen," or wandering spade labourer, on the roads with his fellows: and so it went on for years. Now and again he would set up a school; but always there would be trouble of one sort or other. At one big house he was employed as a labourer; some one wanted a letter written and the red-headed ploughboy volunteered: the letter went off in four versions—Greek, Latin, English and Irish. He was promoted then to tutor in the household, and there was more trouble—bad trouble, seemingly, for the safest way out was to enlist. He took to the sea and was in Rodney's fleet that defeated Grasse: wrote an English poem in praise of Rodney that brought him to the Admiral's cabin. There he was asked what he wanted, and he said, "My discharge," and was told he would not get it. But he slithered somehow into the army, and out of the army by creating footsores on himself, and so back to schoolmastering in Kerry, where he died of a drinking bout after fever at the age of thirty-six. Even to-day his exploits and his fame are a legend throughout Munster.

They were not all quite so disreputable. Pierce Fitzgerald, one of the most notable, was a man of substance, so respectable that he changed his religion to save his property for his children: we have his poems apologizing. But a couple of others—Red Donough Macnamara and Andy Magrath, "the Jolly Pedlar," also became Protestants, for a while anyhow, to get the price of a drink. Macnamara, who had been put out of a school, even denounced to the magistrate the man who succeeded him in that illegal and contraband occupation. Yet this choice blackguard wrote (in Hamburg of all places, for he was a seaman also) the most beautiful of all eighteenth century Gaelic lyrics, "The Fair Hills of Ireland."

I cannot pretend even to understand their poetry for the most part, still less to judge it. But Mr. Corkery is manifestly keenly appreciative of literature in many kinds, and he derives delight from these verses. The rest of us may remember that long education is needed to enter into a literary tradition which is alien to our own. Anybody can enjoy Homer—but Pindar? For that matter, anybody

can enjoy French prose, but how many Englishmen really feel as a Frenchman does about much of what by French standards is the best French poetry? In any case, the abstract value of this literature to the literary critic is not the question: my point is that from 1700 to 1800 there was in the province of Munster (where Gaelic culture survived strongest) a continuous production of elaborate verse having on it all the marks of a school. The typical form was the *Aisling* or Vision, a theme that recurred, like the Crucifixion, in Italian painting. There was the description of Erin, the beautiful damsel, poverty-stricken, ragged and oppressed, and the picture of the promised deliverer—a Prince from over the water. Jacobite poetry, but how unlike the Scots! Mr. Corkery knows that well. The "intimacy, the warmth of feeling, the directness of expression," are far from the Irish poems. "Bonny Prince Charlie" was a living man for Scotland: to Ireland the Stuarts were "far away people." But, as Mr. Corkery says:—

> "On the other hand, Ireland is in all the aisling poems; the only lines in them that strike fire are those of her sorrows—her princes dead, her strongholds broken, her lands in the possession of churls, her children scattered across the seas."

We shall not understand rightly the Ireland whose filth and misery Swift described, Berkeley pitied, Young surveyed, and Maria Edgeworth made living and comical, until we realize that pride survived under all that squalor:—

> "'Tis not the poverty I detest
> Nor being down for ever,
> But the insult which follows
> That no leeches can cure."

So the wastrel sailor of Rodney's fleet put it in a verse. The Ireland that was down then has in our days struggled to its feet—for good or ill. This book is one of the things that teach us to envisage rightly what has so often been regarded as a prolonged *jacquerie* or rising of the serfs against their masters. *The Hidden Ireland* was an Ireland that did not regard itself as naturally or historically servile: its poets probably did more than any other class to preserve its sense of right to freedom; and it is only justice that Ireland of to-day, with full opportunities to justify its pride of race, should recognize her debt to these obscure torch-bearers.

In the meanwhile, our debt to Mr. Corkery demands that one should say how much curious and interesting social history, in his pictures of the bardic schools, and how much acute literary criticism, especially concerning the effects of the Renaissance on European literature and art, has been passed by without the least mention, in this review of a really notable and valuable book, which is also most likeable.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS

In *More Changes, More Chances* (Nisbet) Mr. H. W. Nevinson continues his reminiscences. He paints himself (paradoxical as ever) as a quiet, peaceable man, shrinking with horror from all strife and noise. "I seek peace and ensue it, and the sweet reasonableness that Swift and Matthew Arnold commended is in me carried to an excess that falls into hesitation." Did Swift commend sweet reasonableness? Then, perhaps, we have a similar turn of mind there to Mr. Nevinson's; the same moderation deliberately abandoned for the sake of polemics—or, perhaps, the same self-deception. But it is good fun to follow Mr. Nevinson through all his disputes and arguments, and to read his running comment, designed to show us how uncontentious and mild he really was through it all. It is pleasant to see his wide-eyed protests, as when he remarks, of his leaders for the *Nation*, that they were "sometimes cut all to pieces as being 'too violent'—an amazing charge to bring against a man of timid moderation." He quotes, as a suitable epitaph for himself, the comment upon him made by the editor of a prominent Bombay paper: "Outwardly he has the appearance of a gentleman, but at heart he is no better than a Socialist." Mr. Nevinson has been through many adventures, and has had his hand in many notable events; he carried with him a quick and vigorous intelligence; and he writes with that utter freedom from stylisms and difficulties which is the particular virtue of the ablest journalists.

Perhaps Mr. David Masters is a little too ardent in his optimism; he writes of *The Conquest of Disease* (Bodley Head) with such pride and joy in man's achievements that we might easily forget how much misery remains untouched. Disease must often seem to us hydra-headed; cure one malady and another will rise to take its place. But this enthusiasm of his is actually most serviceable in his exposition of the discoveries of science; and we are often moved to a pride in our race similar to his own, when we consider the heroism, the indifference to obloquy, and the more unremitting, less striking fortitude which so many scientists have displayed in their attempts to alleviate our sufferings. The book is excellently written, with wide knowledge and with a genuine interest on the author's part in the subjects he writes of. One saddening reflection occurs again and again in this history of progress—it has generally been scientists themselves who were the bitterest and most obstinate objectors to the discoveries of their fellow scientists.

* * * *

The Problems of Modern Music (Dent) is a translation from the German of Prof. Adolf Weissmann. It gives a most thorough survey of the tendencies of modern music, and a criticism of the works of individual composers. Prof. Weissmann's alertness is amazing; he knows the music of every nationality and can express a judgment upon modern Finnish, Dutch, Polish or Norwegian musicians as confidently as upon more widely-known composers. His criticism is gentle but decided; the book will be of great value as an index of names and a guide to judgment.

* * * *

One of the most enchanting books published for some time is Mr. H. Avray Tipping's *English Gardens* (Country Life). There are fifty-two gardens illustrated and described, some of them modern, some of them perpetuating the styles and methods of Tudor, Stuart and Hanoverian gardening. The photographs are neat and clear; sometimes we have a moment's doubt, on seeing photographs so well composed and so excellently lighted, whether Mr. Tipping has not chosen a moment of beauty not to be repeated—whether the gardens themselves would come up to the loveliness expressed in these illustrations; but we can hardly wish a photographer to choose a middling day and an uncongenial view for mere information's sake. Probably, too, there will be readers who count some of the more formalized and artificial gardens extremely hideous; in which case Mr. Tipping may well congratulate himself for having given us the materials for the formation of taste.

* * * *

Mr. C. K. Scott-Moncrieff proceeds upon his task of translating Proust's *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*. The two volumes *Le Côté de Guermantes* are now published as *The Guermantes Way* (Chatto and Windus).

A NEW COMPETITION

THE EDITOR OFFERS TWO PRIZES OF £10 EACH, THE FIRST FOR AN INSCRIPTION FOR A SUNDIAL IN PROSE OR VERSE, THE SECOND FOR AN EPIGRAM ON WOMAN IN FOUR LINES OF VERSE.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS

1. All entries must be received on or before Friday, Nov. 27th.
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6. Envelopes must be addressed: Competition, the *Spectator*, 13 York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2.

LECONTE DE LISLE AND DR. BROWN

Leconte de Lisle: a Study on the Man and his Poetry. By Irving Brown, Ph.D. (New York: Columbia University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Irving Brown writes of Leconte de Lisle as if he were revealing an extraordinary discovery, with an unbounded, uncritical enthusiasm which is almost disarming in its *naïveté*. Immense claims for Leconte de Lisle's genius; critical platitudes advanced as startling discoveries; a glib use of the jargon of modern psychology; a scale of literary values which leads the critic to immolate the greatest poetical reputations of Europe to his chosen idol; a series of analyses of separate poems where fantastic judgments elbow platitudinous expositions; patient and quite commendable verse renderings of some of Leconte de Lisle's poems, and an almost complete insensibility to the developments of French poetry since 1885. These are the main features of Dr. Brown's book. He has a notable way of letting a platitude sink gravely in. "I doubt," says he, "if any animal has stirred the imagination of man more than the elephant. He gives us "—but this is almost in Micawber's vein—"He gives us an impression of quiet strength, of tremendous power lying dormant, in reserve." (Here one of the guinea pigs cheered, and was suppressed.)

Dr. Brown has not written in vain. Read with the seeing eye and a sense of humour he (as he would say) "richly repays study." He has unconsciously added something to the gaiety of nations. "There are no cracks and crevices in which the destructive critics could set their teeth." This is a painful metaphor; a metaphor to give one the toothache. What, one muses, would the destructive critics have done if they had found a crack or a crevice—hung from it by their teeth?

Let us sample Dr. Brown in another mood, the psychological. Here is a masterly exposition in masterly English:—

"The eagle, or better perhaps St. John and the eagle together, *symbolize* the self-regarding sentiment seeking expression in poetic flights that are misunderstood by those around *him* [Query: the eagle, St. John or Leconte?] but rising scornfully above *its* surroundings, finally *achieves* immortality, in other words literary fame."

This is a portion of what Dr. Brown calls "a dynamic portrayal of the inner man."

There are numerous epigrammatic sallies in this work which will be eagerly seized on by collectors of the solemnly inane. Here are a few specimens:—

"In art as in life, man cannot stand alone."

"One of the chief methods of expression of our poet is that of describing nature."

"The word 'glove,' which is prosaic enough when compared to the skies, is much more so when placed as a rhyme."

It would be easy to multiply quotations from these exercises in the art of platitude; as a change, let us sample some of Dr. Brown's judgments:—

"I doubt if there is a more musical poem in the French language than Leconte de Lisle's 'La Vérandah.'"

"The poem ['Epiphanie'] is unique in modern French literature."

"It [beginning of 'Nurmahal'] is one of the most sumptuous descriptions in all poetry."

"The end of the prophecy [in 'Quäin'] is extremely significant, and places the poem among the great philosophical poems of the world. . . . The description of the flood which follows is one of the most vivid and gigantic pieces of imagining in literature."

"The poem ['Tristesse du Diable'] is Miltonic in its cosmic grandeur."

"Its ['La Ravine Saint-Gilles'] vividness is unsurpassed."

"'La Mort de Valmiki' is one of the noblest poems to be found in any language."

"He [Leconte de Lisle] has a definite place in the literature of the world. He is closer to the Greeks than any poet since Antiquity."

Dr. Brown need detain us no longer, except for a passing wonder that the University of Columbia is not a little more exacting in the choice of works it makes public. Still, we must not allow a justifiable annoyance with Dr. Brown's unhappy work to cloud the fame of Leconte de Lisle. There can be no doubt of the loftiness of Leconte de Lisle's poetic aims, the breadth of his culture, the integrity of his literary character, his patience, his *hauteur*. But his ideal was limited and less splendid than he supposed. He is certainly unworthy to be compared with Dante, as Dr. Brown compares him. At best, Leconte de Lisle is a very good descriptive poet of almost impeccable technique; and Dr. Brown is not the first to mistake impeccability of method for poetic perfection.

Making the necessary adjustments, one might think of Leconte de Lisle as a sort of French Tennyson. He had not Tennyson's immense popular appeal, nor his lyric gift, nor his exquisite phrasing, but Leconte de Lisle has something of the English poet's slow stateliness and dignified way of treatment. Leconte de Lisle's interests were perhaps wider, his temperament more sensuous; but both poets are alike in their devotion to the exterior artistry of verse and their lack of interest in the subtler realms of psychology. Leconte's influence in France is much like that of Tennyson in England—respected but not followed. The most distinguished pupils of Leconte de Lisle were Verlaine, Hérédia, Villiers and Mallarmé. Hérédia led Parnassianism into a cul-de-sac from which not even Banville's virtuosity could rescue it. Villiers turned to ironic prose; Verlaine was entirely dominated by the extraordinary genius of Rimbaud, a mind entirely hostile to Leconte de Lisle; Mallarmé, in turn, succumbed to the influence of Baudelaire. The real inspirers, forerunners, masters of contemporary French poetry are not Hugo and Lamartine, but Baudelaire and Rimbaud. There is no sign of any return to the views of Parnassianism, except the occasional insignificant imitator. For good or ill, French poetry has mainly followed the line struck out by Rimbaud, Mallarmé and Baudelaire. And for obvious reasons: they discovered a new spiritual realm where others, as daring, might adventure; the Parnassians left nothing but an impeccable artistry which almost anyone with patience could copy. It is the difference between Ingres and Cézanne—indeed, several of Leconte's descriptive nudes might have been copied from Ingres.

Leconte de Lisle, like Tennyson, is respected, admired even, but has no considerable literary posterity. Probably the most appreciated part of Leconte's work is the admirable series of poetic prose translations of the classics: the versions of Theocritus and the Anacreontea are particularly successful and charming.

EAST AND WEST

The Travel Diary of a Philosopher. By Count Hermann Keyserling. Translated by J. Holroyd Reece. (Jonathan Cape. 2 vols. 36s.)

Almost every page of Count Keyserling's diary has something valuable in it, and the significance of the book lies rather in this than in any new and startling doctrine that can be abstracted from the text. In his time he has written systematic treatises in philosophy; but here we are given the fruit of his metaphysic in comment upon circumstance and life. In the introduction we are told:—

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fiction, and only those who regard it as such will understand its meaning. Concerning this meaning I will say nothing in advance. It will be revealed to those who are prepared to follow the wanderer willingly through his many moods and transformations, never forgetting that facts as such never are an object to me, but only a means of expressing their significance."

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No one will understand the relevance of Count Keyserling's analysis of the potentialities of the Western world until he has followed the author through India and China and Japan. For it springs, in the end, from an unconscious feeling of repugnance for these cultures, although he has lauded them to the skies. There is something lacking, some essential, something that is only found in the dynamism of the *modern* Western world (*modern*, because the gulf between East and West only dates in its yawningness from the Reformation). All who deplore our civilization and can see no hope for it should read Count Keyserling's diary closely; they will probably be comforted and inspired by what he says.

The review may well be closed by quoting a passage to show what kind of mind the author brings to bear on his experiences:

". . . The old question of absolute values appears to be solved. Absolute values certainly do exist, but only in the sense of fundamental tones. The whole of life has reference to them; one always succeeds in proving them to be essential. On the other hand, it is impossible for ever and a day theoretically to do justice to life from them alone, or to organize it practically. Whenever this attempt is made, life seems impoverished; it is as if the Pastoral Symphony were performed by nothing but double basses. A Puritan outlook has always done nothing but damage; where moral and spiritual values alone have been recognized as valid, this has always happened at the expense of human perfection. It had to happen like that. The absolute values are certainly embodied in the types of the saint and sage, but by themselves they are nothing; they presuppose all the rest. For this reason it is ridiculous, erroneous, nay criminal, to wish to destroy any kind of phenomena, which in their way are perfect, from the angle of absolute values. Whatever these phenomena may be, they do not antagonise absolute values; these, in fact, condition the phenomena from within, just as the fundamental tones condition the treble sequences. Thus, even these observations end in the recognition which has so often proved to be the last word: perfection, specific perfection is the one and only ideal which is appropriate to all. Whether a man is born to be a fundamental or an overtone, concerns God alone; Man's duty is to ring with a pure sound."

The formidable task of translation from the German has been performed with great care by Mr. Reece. It is not a translation that runs very smoothly: but the translator was bidden by the author to translate almost verbally. The book is admirably printed.

THE PLIGHT OF THE LAND

The Tenure of Agricultural Land. By C. S. Orwin, M.A. and W. R. Peel, M.A., D.S.O. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.)

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, setting an excellent precedent, decided some years ago to co-operate in covering the subject of agriculture. Cambridge agreed to devote itself to agricultural science and Oxford to economics. To much that is sound in its publications Oxford has now produced a book that is at first sight surprisingly revolutionary. If its proposals were accepted they would make more difference to the industry than any of the new "Cambridge wheats" which are to restore the price and reputation of English flour.

Mr. Orwin and Mr. Peel, who are the chief agricultural economists of the Oxford school, urge nationalization of the land as the best remedy for a sick industry. The old land system has broken down. It may be said that landowners who sentimentally wished to keep their land have sold it to tenants who did not wish to buy. At a period of high taxation, a sudden access in value of land enabled the landowner who sold to treble his income. In some cases he acquired a large capital in return for no income. The Duke of Bedford, for example, though that was at an earlier date, was offered for his Thorney property £70,000 on an estate that did not bring him in an annual profit of £500. The result of this flight from the land was that the cultivators were left without capital. They lost at one blow the use of their landlord's capital and of their own. The one was banished, the other sunk. The results are deplorable. Farmers have cut down their total of labourers to the minimum and substituted grass for plough. Land is returning to prairie as rapidly as 400 years ago when Wolsey appointed his Commission of Enquiry into the decay of tillage.

The Oxford economists—those *duo fulmina belli*—propose to nationalize all purely agricultural lands, paying the owners in a specially created land stock. They differ from the Land Nationalization Society in omitting all lands in and around town areas, and put the total cost at £1,125,000,000. The whole scheme is worked out thoughtfully and in detail. The object of the proposal is to restore tenancy, much the most popular form of tenure among English farmers, and closer cultivation, which is an urgent national obligation. Any idea of "farming from Whitehall" is discountenanced, but it is argued that no other form of tenure is calculated to deal so effectively with under-farming, with land exploitation, with the curses of bad drainage and multiplying weeds, with the bad division of farm lands, with credit, with co-operation, with rural housing, with the education of the cultivator. The argument is developed with logical skill and technical knowledge. Nationalization is presented not as a revolutionary doctrine (after all more than a quarter of the agricultural land is now owned by State or local body) but as a means of restoring moribund conditions. As a basis of discussion, if no more, the book provides the best text yet published. No political party can disregard it—not the Labour Party who desire control from Whitehall, or the Liberal Party with their half-baked scheme for restoring the yeoman, or the Conservative Party who have not yet confessed to any scheme at all. The system of large agricultural estates is certainly breaking down for good or ill under the present local and central taxation, including the heavy capital levy taken every generation by the death duties. It does not follow that nationalization is the right remedy or any improvement. We are prejudiced against the dead hand of the State by the whole history of the land since it was nationalized as *terra regis*. In mediaeval days tenancy in chief entailed real services, and the country had to fight authority before it advanced to any freehold tenure. Change may be inevitable, but the last direction in which we would seek improvement would be in the mediaeval system that our ancestors knew, hated and discarded.

LADY TROUBRIDGE'S MEMORIES

Memories and Reflections. By Lady Troubridge. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

Lady Troubridge recollects a great deal that is very entertaining. Her "reflections" on present day matters also make pleasant reading, calculated to excite counter reflections and amusing arguments; indeed, it is an extremely talk-provoking book. As a child she had a remarkable faculty for making friends with the old, a fact which gives a false impression of the length of time over which her memory stretches. Born a Gurney she lived much before she grew up at Freshwater with her maternal grandfather, Thoby Prinsep, and her grandmother, who was the daughter of the famous Bengal merchant, Colonel Pattle. Most of the earlier Victorian men of art and letters were to be met at Freshwater, attracted by the presence of Tennyson and Watts, the Prinseps and Mrs. Cameron, and the author of *Philip van Arteveldt*. The picture she shows us of this past Society seen through the eyes of a child is very charming and romantic, and she knows how to give a pre-Raphaelite realism to its details, while suggesting its essential artificiality. Watts—the "Signor"—whose influence was so great in the Prinsep household, is a truly fascinating figure, aloof and benevolent like someone reappearing out of another

age. Even the story of his first unfortunate marriage does not bring him to earth, and we feel that he and Ellen Terry impressed their entourage as figures in the *Idylls of the King*.

Later on circumstances brought Lady Troubridge into a totally different milieu. Her mother was widely renowned for her beauty and she was a member of that coterie of persons familiarly referred to as the "Marlborough House Set." Her daughter Rachel, who became Lady Dudley, was conspicuously in that same gay world. Lady Troubridge herself, though apparently a good deal distracted at intervals by the pleasures and cares of a young family, inevitably moved in the same "set," and can describe its personnel as well as she describes the poets and painters who revolved round the great Victorian Laureate and his great rival Browning.

It is impossible to read so vivid an account of the social past and not feel some curiosity as to what the writer thinks of the social present. This curiosity Lady Troubridge satisfies, and leaves the reader asking himself, "Is that really true?" and adding under his breath, "She ought to know." Pleasure, she says, when she was young, was regarded as a sort of side-show, and excused as a social "duty." No such uncandid excuse is now thought necessary. "Pleasure is everything, not a side-show, but the glittering drama of life. It is the reason for being alive." She accounts for this change by saying that for some years "older men and women have been completely ejected" from social life—"at the present moment the world is seeking pleasure with an almost frenzied persistence. London is an enormous shopping centre by day, a vast cabaret by night, and a restaurant all the time." So much for "Society" as a whole. But in our author's opinion "Right in the centre of these various sets lies the old aristocracy, as aloof, as critical, and as oblivious of the rest of the world as they ever were. They meet the 'other people' often, particularly at charity balls and bazaars, and they are exceedingly civil, but there it ends. They never *mix*. I am far from defending this attitude of the Old Guard; I think it absurd; but it remains a fact to be reckoned with by anyone who would try to understand Society." Even the rich Americans do not know all its secrets, they cannot learn "to wear rough clothes and old clothes, as English women do." In saying this, Lady Troubridge makes an unconscious admission. All the rules of the social game which she understands so well and describes so entertainingly apply only to women, for by them the rules are made, and for their pleasure only the game is kept up.

CANNING

The Foreign Policy of Canning. By Harold Temperley. (Bell. 25s. net.)

ADMIRERS of Canning will be grateful to Mr. Temperley for this excellent study. It is based on the unpublished papers in the official archives of London, Paris, and Vienna, and should make Canning's claim to be considered one of our greatest Foreign Secretaries finally secure. This claim, as Mr. Temperley rightly perceives, is in no way invalidated by the discovery that the principles of his policy were not new, and that he preserved the continuity of British foreign policy. But while Canning's principles were not new, his methods were. He was the first statesman properly to appreciate the importance and influence of publicity and of public opinion in foreign affairs. It was this fact which enabled him to achieve his greatest diplomatic triumphs, and, in particular, the recognition of the Spanish-American Republics, when he "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." Public opinion enabled Canning to take a middle course between the extremes of reaction and revolution, and Metternich spoke truly when he said that Canning's period of office marked an era, not only in the history of England, but in the history of Europe.

Canning's real greatness has been obscured to some extent by the very brilliance of his gifts. Everyone remembers his famous rhyming despatch to the British Ambassador at The Hague:—

> "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is offering too little and asking too much.
> The French are with equal advantage content,
> So we clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent."

To those who remembered the *Anti-Jacobin* this was an instance of Canning's incorrigible levity. The modern Foreign Office, with a better sense of proportion, preserves this unique despatch among its most valued records.

The wit of Canning was a legend in his own day, but some of his sayings lose much of their force in cold print, though we need not doubt their effectiveness in the grave atmosphere of the Commons. His jests against Lord Folkestone, "with the contortions but without the inspiration of the Sibyl," and against Lord Nugent, "that most enormous breach of neutrality," sent Wilberforce home "crying with laughter." We get a truer impression of the real Canning from an incident, related by Marcellus, which occurred during the Spanish crisis. Marcellus found Canning at Gloucester Lodge walking on the grass reading Virgil. "A truce," said Canning, "to politics to-day. . . . . I am weary of them; let us read some Virgil. . . . . Can anything be more touching than these verses?—

> 'Hi motus animarum, atque haec certamina tanta
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.'

. . . . It must all end then in this little dust. . . . . How often have I not been tempted to fly from society, and from power, to the literature which was the food of my boyhood, the only refuge which is impenetrable to the delusions of fate. Literature is a consolation, a hope, a place of rest for me. . . . . Yet," he added, "still that desire of fame, which cannot at my age be called ambition, drives me back to public affairs."

THE WORK OF THE LEAGUE

The League of Nations: A Survey (January, 1920-June, 1925) (Geneva: Information Section, League of Nations Secretariat. 20 cents. London: Constable. 1s.)

THIS short survey of the work of the League of Nations is published opportunely now that the League is attracting more attention and handling more important subjects than ever before. Lord Balfour, adapting a famous aphorism when he was speaking of our post-War world, said that if the League did not exist we should have to invent it. The times are passed when the Supreme Council tossed over to the League forlorn questions which it could not itself settle with a gesture as though to say, "You may as well have a try at this. It is probably an insoluble problem. If you can produce a formula that will be accepted so much the better, but if, as we expect, you will be able to make nothing of it at least no harm will be done." No fair-minded person who reads this summary will be able to deny that the League, in spite of all its detractors, and perhaps beyond the expectation even of its friends, has made a very notable place for itself. In principle the victory is already won.

We do not say that the League is yet capable of doing a hundredth part of the useful work which we hope it will be doing two or three generations hence, nor even that it will continue in its present form, but it has created a new atmosphere.

Instinctively men in a quandary turn to the League as an indispensable piece of international machinery, just as in matters which are private they turn instinctively to their lawyers and doctors. There is little doubt now that as time passes international relations—most of them, if not all—will be adjusted by the League and by the Permanent Court of Justice as a matter of course. International dealings will follow the path by which persons and individual nations have reached safety and convenience. It is continually said that law would instantly forfeit all the respect paid to it if the force which resides behind it were removed. But that is far from being the whole truth. At first men respected the law because they recognized the penalties which could be inflicted upon them by physical force if they disobeyed; but in time there grew up a feeling that to obey the law and also to resort to the Courts for the settlement of disputes was in itself a great convenience. The same feeling, gradually separating itself from any philosophy of ultimate causes, is now developing in international relations.

This survey is not full enough to give the reader detailed information on any particular problem which the League has settled, but it does give an excellent bird's-eye view of the League's constitution and its achievements. No one can dispute the success of the financial help given to Austria and Hungary, nor the exceptional moral success of the Aaland Islands settlement. This last was remarkable because Sweden

Advertiser's Announcement

THE PELMAN'S PROGRESS.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

THE editor of one of our great magazines once invited me to investigate the claims of Pelmanism and to write for him my candid opinion upon the subject. I can pay no more emphatic tribute to the system than to say that *I have been studying it off and on ever since.*

Let me say at once that I found the fascination of Pelmanism no less sure in the twelfth month than in the first. Some of my friends refer lightly to it as one of my hobbies, and in some sense it may be so. There are years in every life when a man or woman determines to add some study to the burden of the daily life, and believes confidently that this study will mature. In one case it may be a violent desire to develop musical gifts hitherto unsuspected; in another a student may suddenly buy all the books he can upon Art or Old Furniture and endeavour to constitute himself a critic.

Unfortunately, these wild attempts rarely lead to much. The student of pictures or old furniture frequently completes his studies by the purchase of an imposture foisted upon him by a cunning dealer. In few of these cases is there the Will Power necessary to the satisfactory pursuit of the hobby; nor does it help the man of middle age to remind himself that Cato learned Greek at eighty.

In the case of Pelmanism, few of these failures are to be recorded. I know a number of men who took up the "Little Grey Books" indolently, believing that perhaps there was something in them, but half assured that they themselves would never get it out.

In nearly all these cases the ultimate record is one of perseverance.

The students tell the same story, and tell it very willingly. They read the first book and wondered upon concluding it whether there really was anything to be learned from it. It has not made any particular appeal to them. They put it down believing they would soon forget it; but they found themselves, nevertheless, thinking of it in odd intervals of leisure; debating the suggestions of mental inefficiency it had conveyed to them, and ultimately re-reading it with a keener interest.

In the end the thing took a firm grip of them.

They sat down to answer the examination papers, and, having done that, they were anxious to secure the second volume. As the study progressed, the hold of it upon their minds was almost that of an exciting romance. The revelations of each succeeding book were eagerly awaited; there was the sure conviction now that Pelmanism was a vital thing which must mean much to them.

My Own Experience.

This, I say, is a common experience, and it has been my own. I wondered sometimes at the beginning if Pelmanism really had anything to teach a man who had lived for fifty years. I have come to the conclusion since that, not only has it a great deal to teach him, but that even at his age it may largely influence his habits of work and thought. In my own case its benefits can be defined without difficulty and certainly have a bearing upon my profession. Let me give one instance of this which I consider illuminating.

Two or three years ago I was complaining to my friends that as time went on I had not a difficulty in finding ideas, but in holding them. A plot would flash upon me in train or car and I would congratulate myself that I had an idea of worth. Yet all too frequently I discovered upon returning to my own study that the idea had escaped me altogether, and that no effort of the mind could recall it. This difficulty has almost disappeared since I studied Pelmanism. I find it relatively easy so to focus the mind upon the idea that it is readily recalled upon my return to the house. The circumstances of it are noted carefully at the time. I try to remember what led up to it; just where I was when it came to me, and what was the central fact of it. Even a word will now recall the whole thing to me, and this word is repeated again and again before I let the idea go. No doubt it would be in a way simpler to carry a pencil and a note-book and to record these suggestions at the moment the brain conceives them; but I have found that there are many occasions upon which it is almost impossible to produce the paper and pencil in question without the risk of making one self-conspicuous; and even such a note as could be written, say, in a cab, will not present an idea as vividly as the mental index when emphatically directed.

But not only is there this *recollection* of primary ideas, there is a newer power of their development. In this matter I owe more to Pelmanism than I can say; and I am strongly of the opinion that every young author would benefit greatly by a pursuit of the particular trend of ideas developed in the "Little Grey Books."

Observation Developed.

There is another point, and it is this: we people who try to deal with things of the imagination are too often purely introspective. We are apt to seek our ideas wholly from the mind—from the world which does not exist rather than from that which is round about us. People have told me again and again that they have passed me in the street, where I was evidently unaware of their presence—indeed of anything that was happening in that particular locality. The charge is true, and would be true, I suppose, of many who write fiction. A man lives for a little while in a kingdom of the mind's creation. He follows the careers of those who never were born and dwells in houses which never were built. And while we may admit that it is well that he should do so, and that many a great dreamer has dreamed dreams which are immortal, at the same time it is impossible to forget that this is an age of realities, and that the actual may be better than the imagined thing.

I am quite sure that too many literary people keep their eyes closed as they go through the world, and neglect the aid of that Observation upon which Pelmanism so properly insists. There is, we have been told, something to be learned in the meanest street of the meanest city, and it would be an unobservant fellow who could walk abroad in London for an hour and discover nothing to give him thought. Upon this Pelmanism properly insists, to the great advantage of its students. I find them quickly delighting in the new scenes they have discovered, and speaking of them with an enthusiasm almost boyish. There was so much they had missed; there is so much they can now enjoy. The vision of the artist becomes their own in time. They have a new sense of light and colour and grouping. They can see beauty in a sky line where hitherto they perceived but a loom of smoke.

A Mental Renaissance.

One could labour this point, but it is unnecessary. Pelmanism is many-sided, and there is hardly a phase of our daily life which it does not influence in some way. Particularly, I think, as a man gets on in years will he find the studies of "Will Power" of use to him. These give him a new vision and are stimulating to a remarkable degree. So often in middle life does the worker begin to feel that he has done his best work and to despair of doing better. It is to this pernicious mental suggestion that we owe, I fancy, the decadence of many of our best workers as they advance in years. They have allowed themselves to believe that their message was that of their youth and that they have no other to deliver. They accept the theory that the brain ages with the body, and that a man is too old at forty, or fifty—or any age the foolish care to name. For this lack of faith that is in them there can be no more certain cure than Pelmanism. Pope has told us that strength of mind is exercise, not rest—and these words might be written in every study in letters of gold. Certainly they are underlined in the "Little Grey Books," and the lesson of them is taught truly.

Brain fag is the consequence of improper use of the brain, not of its right employment. We do not school the mind as we should, and, as years go on, evil habits of loose thinking are encouraged. Hours are too often wasted upon thoughts which are profitless. There is a growing reluctance to make the necessary effort. We have not made sound thinking a habit and are too indifferent to seek it. Against all this Pelmanism wars ruthlessly. It shows us that a man can be mentally more efficient at sixty than he was at thirty. It enables us to correct the unprofitable habit, and to do so with a relatively unexacting effort. It agrees with Pope that exercise, not rest, is the true mental tonic.

For this and many other reasons I remain of the opinion that Pelmanism is one of the most significant movements of the day; that its place in any educational system must be permanent, and that no educational authority can afford to ignore it.

A copy of "The Efficient Mind," containing a full description of the Pelman System, together with particulars enabling readers to enrol for a Course of Pelmanism on the most convenient terms, will be sent, gratis and post free, to everyone who writes for it to-day to the Pelman Institute, 96 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1. The Chief Consultant will be pleased to give an interview (without charging a fee) to any reader of The Spectator *who would care to call and see him.*

What is at the End?

This is a period of unexampled spiritual (as well as industrial) unrest. What then are the secret religious beliefs, experiences and tendencies of the people of England in 1925 ?

Ten of our most representative thinkers—writers and novelists, whose genius has brought them to the front rank of English literature—have undertaken to disclose their secret views and spiritual experiences, through the medium of a great London newspaper—the "Daily Express."

Never before in the history of religion and literature have ten such famous personalities revealed themselves in a series of articles on this vital subject.

Their message (as they interpret it) will stir the whole country and echo round the world. The first article appears on Monday.

MY RELIGION *by* **Arnold Bennett**

MY RELIGION *by* **Rebecca West**

MY RELIGION *by* **Hugh Walpole**

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MY RELIGION *by* **Sir A. Conan Doyle**

MY RELIGION *by* **H. De Vere Stacpoole**

MY RELIGION *by* **Henry Arthur Jones**

MY RELIGION *by* **Israel Zangwill**

MY RELIGION *by* **J. D. Beresford**

MY RELIGION *by* **E. Phillips Oppenheim**

Beginning Monday next SEPTEMBER 14th in the

DAILY EXPRESS

to her eternal credit accepted the judgment in the interests of peace, though it was entirely opposed to all her aspirations and largely opposed to her convictions. The League failed in the Vilna dispute, but at least one can say that nobody else would have succeeded. The settlement of Upper Silesia is often derided as illogical and even unjust, and yet it is true to say not only that no other scheme would have worked but that without the League of Nations no scheme at all would have been accepted.

These are only instances; there are, of course, many other in this survey. The guiding principles of the Covenant, it cannot be too often remembered, are consultation and delay. There is no super-State such as thinkers in too great a hurry wanted, no General Staff for the administration of sanctions such as French logic demanded. But consultation and delay are powerful things. It is possible that with their help there would have been no Great War.

CURRENT LITERATURE

FIRST REPORT OF THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON SOCIAL HYGIENE. (H.M.'s Stationery Office. 3d. [Cmd. 2501].)

Our readers will remember how vice at Singapore was lately the cause of some courageous letters which we felt bound to publish on public grounds in spite of the repulsive nature of the subject. An Ordinance for the prevention of disease was drafted a year ago for the Government of Singapore on the old lines of strict official control of vice by licensing and registration of women and houses, medical examination, hospitals to be provided for women under treatment and so on. This draft was referred to the new Committee on Hygiene, which has reported upon it to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Those who can overcome their repugnance or whose duty it is to study this important subject will find the Report full of interest. It condemns the draft ordinance unsparingly. It contains the most concise condemnation of State regulation and the concomitant commercializing of vice that we have yet seen. It emphasizes, as the League of Nations Committee did, the inevitable, though hidden, connexion that arises with traffic in girls, where no one can doubt the duty of Governments to step in because the shadowy line between vice and crime is there definitely passed. We cannot here discuss that old problem of the function of government. The committee considered the moral and religious side beyond their scope, but plainly realized that fundamentally it is a moral rather than simply a medical matter, and the Report is fully as high-minded as could be asked for from a departmental committee; the more honour to the six medical members, for it is often said that doctors take a basely materialistic view of these questions, such a view as the framers of the draft Ordinance took. Singapore has its own peculiar difficulties, for which the committee urges particular remedies of a social nature, but in general they recommend among other things that instead of fixing upon a certain number of women, which can never be done with perfect justice, the medical services should treat the matter as within the field of preventive medicine for the whole population; that the Government should aim at the complete suppression of evil houses, whose keepers profit by vice, as quickly as possible; and should increase the protection available for Chinese and other girls. We congratulate the Advisory Committee on the first Report that they have been asked to make.

THE BRITISH YEAR BOOK OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, 1925. (H. Milford. 16s. net.)

This invaluable year-book, which is edited at Chatham House, the headquarters of the British Institute of International Affairs, is now in its sixth year and may, we trust, long endure. For its main purpose is to show how the foundations of a world-peace are steadily being strengthened by the work of the League of Nations, The Hague Court and the jurists of nearly all nations. Three of many weighty and temperate articles by lawyers of repute deserve special mention. Mr. Malcolm M. Lewis discusses "The Treaty-making Power of the Dominions," a very important question that must be faced in the near future. Professor P. J. Baker analyses "The Obligatory Jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice," and urges very persuasively that Great Britain should make the optional declaration under Article 36 of the Covenant, and agree to refer four classes of legal disputes to the Court, as twenty-one States have already done. The third article, by Professor Garner, on "Immunities of State-owned Ships Employed in Commerce," sounds technical, but its importance will be realized if one remembers that the United States, Australia and Russia have numerous State-owned merchantmen. Professor Garner brings out the astonishing fact that these State-owned merchantmen are exempt from the jurisdiction of the British, German and American courts, and that, though French and Belgian courts try cases in which such vessels are involved, they do not enforce their judgments. Thus, a State-owned ship may run down an ordinary merchantman, and her owners will have no redress in our courts. Clearly this state of things cannot be allowed to continue.

BENJAMIN FAWCETT: Colour Printer and Engraver. By M. C. F. Morris, B.C.L. (Oxford University Press. 5s.)

Mr. Morris is well qualified to write the life of Benjamin Fawcett, whose illustrations to *British Birds* and many other books enjoyed a popular vogue in the last century. Mr. Morris is himself a naturalist, while his father, having been vicar of a neighbouring parish to Driffield, in Yorkshire, where to the end Fawcett carried on his work, was closely asssociated with the famous colour printer in many of his enterprises. Mr. Morris tells the story of Fawcett's life pleasantly and succinctly, and, in writing of his process, defends him against the widespread misconception that he was an imitator of George Baxter.

BRITISH ARCHIVES AND THE SOURCES FOR THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By Hubert Hall. (Oxford University Press. 16s. net.)

This book is an extremely useful addition to the series published on behalf of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. It treats of the nature, scope, disposal and use of the British records of the War, both central and local. In the second and larger half an historical survey is given of British archives, their decay and reform, and a valuable section is devoted to the use of records as historical sources. Mr. Hall issues a timely warning of the disastrous consequences of neglect of the materials from which alone an authentic history of our own times can be written.

FICTION

OLD AND NEW WORLDS

Backfurrow. By G. D. Eaton. (Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)
Autumn. By Ladislas St. Reymont. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.)

The experience of the young farmer-hero of *Backfurrow* is in a sense the experience of all America. Thrown into the world, without responsibilities or traditions, he earns a hard living labouring for Michigan farmers, always with the hope that some day he will be able to get away to the big towns. It is the public libraries, the newspapers that tell one about books and theatres he longs for, not the glamour of the cities. Ralph does not think very much, but enough to know that there is something he does not possess which might give him a kind of enduring satisfaction. Call it culture, or tradition, or a national soul, that is what he cloudily gropes for, like every other normal man of his race.

It is impossible not to contrast with Ralph the Polish farmer-hero of *Autumn*. The European farmer is set on being a farmer, a father who is head of his family, as rich as may be, who cultivates his land and increases his stock. No longing for culture disturbs his sane peasant egotism. For one thing, all aspirations are directed towards the Church, which in turn draws longings and dreams towards the infinite, however much it uses superstition to do so. Then, culture —the possession and understanding of books, paintings, beautiful houses—is for the ruling classes, not for the peasant-farmer: it is not Boryna the farmer's duty or instinct to crave for a culture which has been established for centuries and which other types of men, equally traditional in their occupations, do continually maintain in Europe. For Boryna there is the management of his farm, the winning of a new

wife to assist him with it and with the control of his already adult and rather unruly children. On feasts there are the emotionally satisfying and uplifting Church services. On holidays there is the fair. For weddings and other festivals there are the appointed and traditional pleasures in dances, music, little ceremonies.

It is unfortunate that American fiction should seem to be taking the path that it at the moment does take—that of intimate, unadventurous and uneventful quiet novels. The novels of that new vast continent should surely be turbulent, full of incident and romance, large in horizon and unconcerned with small matters. It is not enough for their writers to take care with their style, to be restrained and tasteful as Mr. Eaton is in *Backfurrow*. The reader cannot associate so careful and restrained a description as

"The carpet on the floor, like all of the others in the house, was of woven rags, and it was spotted and always smelling of tobacco juice. The wood-box behind the stove smelled also of tobacco, and of tree bark . . . the wall was papered, but it hung loose in many places . . ."

with any familiar association-of-pleasure. It means nothing. And painstakingly and even finely as Mr. Eaton writes, his simple story of Ralph the farm-hand never really seizes the reader's interest, save when he describes the groping thoughts of this young typical American boy, and sees him, disappointed at last of his ambition to raise himself from the gruelling levels of agriculture, trying to teach his son some little of what he himself picked up from books and magazines about biology and history.

It is different when M. Ladislas St. Reymont writes equally simply :—

"A cow was heard lowing afar. Fires had been lit, and long blue clouds of smoke trailed over the cornfields. Elsewhere harrows were at work, a dim cloud of dust rising in the wake of each and settling down at the foot of the hills."

Because he writes of Poland, and we read of Poland, a hundred half-realized associations echo behind his words : memories of paintings seen, fragments of history, recollections of folk-lore and custom, the march of armies, crowd in behind his phrases to stimulate imagination. And while he gives much less detail than does Mr. Eaton, he gives a much richer picture because he chooses what particulars to mention with more discrimination. Zola has undoubtedly had some influence on M. St. Reymont when he was writing the group of novels of which *Autumn* is the first, but not detrimentally. Flaubert, on the other hand, with his almost morbid love of minutiae, has (though probably at fourth-hand, by means of the more pretentious of recent American literature) been an evil influence on Mr. Eaton. It is perhaps a handicap, as the farmers in his novel declare, that good American citizens should be spoon-fed on newspapers and books written in English, which is a language not truly native to a people who, though of mixed European descent, are as different from any European nation already in appearance, in mental outlook, and in needs as could well be. The problems of language and of culture are being weighed by all the livelier-minded American writers, and notably by Sherwood Anderson, whose *A Story Teller's Story* is almost as dispiriting, as difficult to be interested in at first, as *Backfurrow*, and for the same reason—it is written with too reverent an eye on the precious or Flaubert-type of European novelists.

"Like all American men of our day I wander constantly from place to place striving to put down roots into the American soil and not quite doing it."

"The idea of permanent residence has not taken hold on us."

Mr. Sherwood Anderson's book is full of such cries, wrung from him with pain. Having gone so far, is it not time that he and his brother writers should seize the obvious remedy, and break out with larger, more ambitious, less scrupulously written and more truly American novels of incident, full of native raciness and full of that almost shockingly exaggerated but at least native slang which promises before so very long to change their language into a new one? Dumas and Dickens would be better models for them than Flaubert. And never until they can translate their fierce new energy and restlessness into fierce sweeping books will it be possible for them to turn again to the restrained, the cultivated styles of writing with real effect. It is for European writers alone, at the moment, to write intimate novels. And it will be many long years, whatever larger merits they may develop meanwhile, before any writers on the new continent will be able to give us so majestically simple a story as M. St. Reymont does through the mouth of a wandering pilgrim telling a group of peasant girls how

"Our Lord also had a dog of His own, and suffered no one to use it ill."

It is a lovely unaffected legend, told so skilfully that one hears the pilgrim's very tones of voice, and it takes its place quite naturally in this quiet, well-balanced story of M. St. Reymont's. We shall look forward to the next volume of his beautifully bound and printed tetralogy, which, written just before the War, gives so vivid a picture of the Poland we hear of politically but know too little about.

OTHER NOVELS

The Ultimate Island. By L. de Giberne Sieveking. (Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.)—The author has tried to put too much into this short book. Either the theme of the last island of the submerged continent of Atlantis, or that of the development of commercial aviation in the late 'thirties of this century, or, again, that of the diamond-stealing husband of the heroine's sister, who contrives to get the heroine implicated in his misdemeanours, would have been a good plot for what the author would probably call a "yarn." As it is, the development of each section of the story is scant, and the reader gets no picture of what is really the aim of the book—the description of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the ultimate Island.

The Gaunt Stranger. By Edgar Wallace. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Edgar Wallace is perhaps rather more terrifying than usual in *The Gaunt Stranger*. The book is also even easier reading than some of his recent productions, because it is shorter and less involved.

FINANCE—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

LIFE INSURANCE—BONUS PROSPECTS

During the War and in the years immediately succeeding it there was considerable controversy concerning the respective merits of non-profit and with-profit assurances. In some respects, however, and at all events so far as the present and the immediate future are concerned, the controversy may be said to have been settled by the wonderfully fine bonuses announced during the last year or two to holders of participating policies. Never before have distributions been on quite such a high scale. Indeed, such a scale, if maintained, would make a with-profit insurance an attractive investment even independently of the protection afforded against financial loss by untimely death.

Future Bonuses.

To the cautious individual, however, the question naturally arises as to whether these recent declarations must be regarded as normal or whether they are likely to be exceeded or reduced in the future. Almost needless to say, no general answer can be given to the query as so much depends upon the methods adopted by different offices. In some cases, for example, it was frankly stated in the recent Reports that the bonuses were exceptional and might not be maintained. Moreover, a number of abnormal influences are still operating and tending to obscure the ordinary factors. In fact, for those contemplating life insurance, it was never more important to go carefully into the circumstances of individual institutions and, for the guidance of such, it may, perhaps, be helpful to indicate a few of the points which have some bearing on the problem.

The main cause for the reduction or suspension of bonuses some time back was, of course, the depreciation of investments. Substantial profits were earned and these would have been available for distribution had it not been prudent to employ them for writing down the book value of investments to the market quotations of the day. Life assurance companies are rarely under the necessity of realizing their investments and so there was no realized loss. The effect of the writing down was, in many cases, that the profits, instead of being divided among policy holders, became merged in the capital

Advertiser's Announcement.

WASTED STORIES

By EDWARD ANTON.

I WAS chatting with a very well-known Editor the other morning when he suddenly pulled open a drawer of his desk, fished out a manuscript, and tossed it over to me. "Read that," he commanded, "and tell me what you think of it."

I read it attentively. It was a perfect gem of a story; there was a touch of the real story-telling genius in it. But, alas! it was hopelessly crude in the style of its telling; inartistic sentences with a well-worn *cliché* in almost every other line. I told him so.

"I agree," he said. "I like the story so well that I am almost minded to rewrite it for the fellow. But if I once start doing that I don't know where I should stop.

"I get dozens of MSS. like that," he continued, "stories that are fresh, and new, and arresting, but quite unusable owing to the faulty style. Why don't these beginners take the trouble to learn *how* to write? Most of them seem to have plenty of good ideas—but good ideas are not enough—they must be presented properly."

All of which tallies with what I have so strongly and so frequently insisted upon in the *Spectator*. A writer must learn the technique of the profession before he can hope to make good.

With such a magnificently-staffed training centre as the London School of Journalism in existence there is no excuse for raw amateurism. If a young fellow has "ideas" and really wants to write acceptable stuff, it is the easiest thing in the world for him to become equipped. He will be placed under the personal tutorship of an experienced journalist or story-writer—not a mere theorist, but one who has proved himself by success—and will work progressively and surely until he has rid himself of the faults which handicap every beginner. He will acquire a knowledge of construction, narrative, dialogue, description and style that could not otherwise come to him save by years of disappointment and rejection.

I can well understand the frame of mind in which the hopeful young writer, fired by an idea for a story or article, sits down and scribbles away in the belief that the plot or the idea is all that is necessary. I remember the time when I made the same mistake—and there was no London School of Journalism to help me then. I had to peg on, more or less blindly, and discover by painful experience where the trouble lay. It would have saved me years of disappointment had I been able to place myself under somebody like Mr. Max Pemberton, and, knowing this, I strongly urge every aspirant to send Mr. Pemberton a short specimen of his work for criticism and an opinion as to "possibilities."

In every profession one *must* "learn the ropes," and journalism demands it as much as any profession. The young fellow who writes and is frequently rejected is apt to exclaim that the editorial door is barred to the newcomer, whereas the very reverse is the case. New writers are wanted—welcomed; but they must write printably.

I do not suppose there is a man in the Kingdom who knows more about the "writing game" and the needs of editors than Mr. Max Pemberton. Journalist, novelist, playwright and editor himself—and still in the forefront of the profession—his experience and counsel make him the ideal guide for the beginner, as so many have proved. The records of the London School of Journalism are full of evidence of the conscientious thoroughness, the practical nature, and the successful results of his teaching.

Correspondence instruction has never been carried to a higher pitch of excellence than at the London School of Journalism. Each individual student gets the same amount of *personal* instruction and is helped to the fullest extent necessary by the instruction. I have seen examples of "correspondence school" criticism which amounted to a line or two; but the London School of Journalism devotes *pages* of individual criticism and suggestion to the work of its students. That is *real* instruction, and that is why the students of the School so invariably "make good."

The following letters, typical of scores received every week at the School, demonstrate very forcibly the excellent results of Mr. Max Pemberton's teaching:—

"I now write for three papers constantly—three or four articles each month in each—and that keeps me quite busy. *In eight months I have been paid for between 50 and 60 articles.*" FT 391/51.

"I have quite a connection now with various papers, including the *Westminster Gazette, Daily News* and *Evening News*. The *Daily Mail* has taken more of my articles than any other, *more than a hundred and twenty* since I took your Course, mostly on the magazine page!" ST 242/30.

"You will be interested to hear that I have met with my first success. The '———' has taken a story of about 3,000 words. As this is only the second time I have tried to place a story, and considering also that the story was on its maiden voyage, it is a source of satisfaction to me and a credit to you and the School. You may not have gathered the fact, but this is a letter intended to express my gratitude to you for the invaluable help you are giving me." SB 771/32.

"The Course has directed me to a market of which I knew nothing; *indeed, I was ignorant of its existence!*

"I particularly desire to express my thanks for the immense trouble that has been taken to make me understand—or rather feel—the peculiar needs of this market. In this matter I have been saved years of groping in the dark!" FT 415/61.

"The man who advised me to take the Course told me that the criticism of my lesson V was worth £50 to a man. He is a journalist himself, and said that many a man would grope in the dark for half a lifetime and not find for himself the facts so clearly laid down." FT 518/111.

"I think that the fact that I was successful in selling the first story I had written since commencing the Course is a proof of the value of the instruction provided by the School, and especially of your personal help and criticism." SB 680/71.

"Your advertisements frequently stress the 'personal touch,' and I rather doubted the possibility of your getting this over in a correspondence course. But you certainly have succeeded. . . . Since writing the above I have discovered that the *Star* have accepted and published my short article on '———.' This is largely due to your alteration. In any case, an acceptance during the first Lesson is a splendid start, and I thank you for your assistance." FT 711/62.

"You will be glad to hear that I have succeeded in placing a series of articles with the *Woman's Pictorial*. The first of these was rejected by several unappreciative Editors about a year ago. I rewrote it immediately after I received the corrections for my first Lesson—it was accepted straight away." FT 617/111.

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assets without materially increasing them, and the additional interest or dividends they produced over the stationary capital somewhat naturally raised the apparent rate of interest. The greater the depreciation provided for, the greater—generally speaking—the increase in the rate of interest earned. When the downward trend of first-class securities took an upward turn the market value climbed above that to which it had been written down in the books. Having followed market prices in the downward direction, insurance offices had then to decide how the recovery should be dealt with. The matter is by no means simple, but our main concern with it now is to point out the effect of the decision arrived at on bonus prospects. Many of those offices which took credit for re-appreciation and apportioned it among participating policy holders have been able to declare big bonuses, but the result of writing up the value of securities has been to diminish the yield from investments which is chiefly instrumental in producing bonuses. Those offices, on the other hand, which ignore re-appreciation, may have to be content with smaller declarations but are more likely to maintain them. Moreover, it must be remembered that where investment appreciation has been used to reduce the valuation rate of interest, the margin of future profit from interest earnings has been maintained.

The Position Examined.

In comparing bonuses, intending proposers should, therefore, look not so much to the amount as to the sources from which it was derived. Non-profit policies have been issued in great numbers during the past few years and the profits of them to the life offices must be very considerable and must tend to swell the surplus to which with-profit policy holders are entitled, thus tending to increase the bonus. The extent to which bonuses will be affected by profits from this source must, of course, be governed in large measure by the proportion of non-profit to participating policies. This varies with different offices and, with the return to popularity of the with-profit policy, there is a likelihood that the proportion all round will decline. Nevertheless, a set-off even to that decline will be found in the growth of the contribution from recently issued policies. New business during the War was scarce but since the Armistice it has been extraordinarily good. In the latest valuations the young policies participating must have formed a great part of the whole of the participating contracts. Young policies do not usually earn much in the way of profits and they must have taken, especially under the prevalent simple reversionary bonus system of distribution, a good deal more from the surplus than they contributed, thereby lowering the rate of bonus. This deficiency, however, will be rectified as the duration of assurance increases, while the incoming new policies will constitute a lesser proportion. In consequence of commercial and trade depression, surrenders and lapses have been numerous and larger profits than usual have probably, therefore, accrued under that head. Here again, however, it has to be remembered that some offices are more generous than others in the granting of surrenders so that the amount of the profit accruing to different offices has varied. To predict whether, as a whole, these surrenders will be more or less in the future, is difficult, but it must be hoped that they will be less, for terminations of this kind are, on general grounds, to be deplored.

Investment Outlook.

The foregoing are what might be described as abnormal causes influencing recent bonus declarations. The normal sources of surplus may now be considered. Interest earned in excess of that assumed in the actuarial valuations is, of course, the most prolific source of life assurance profit. Two or three offices assume a rate as low as 2½ per cent., but the vast majority base their calculations on 3 per cent., and even that at current investment yields leaves an excellent margin of profit.

How the method of dealing with appreciation of investments affects the yield has already been shown. Large amounts of old investments are redeemed each year, and the rate at which these can be re-invested, together with the new money coming forward, also affects the average yield. In the last year or two a tendency has been manifested for the average yield to decline, suggesting that the peak may have been passed. As the volume of new investments is much less than the mass of existing investments, the dilution of the average yield, of course, proceeds slowly. Under the spur of patriotism British assurance offices subscribed very largely to War Loans, and even now they are large holders of British Government Stocks. Many classes of these are, it is well known, compulsorily redeemable at a premium within the next few years, the premium, of course, representing a profit, though in some instances this has already been discounted. The ultimate conversion of National War Loan has to be faced, but repayment would have to be at par and redemption need not necessarily be entirely in the presumably lower interest-bearing stock to be offered in exchange. Assurance companies, moreover, are now displaying more enterprise in their investments and they should not find it very difficult to discover channels for replacing their funds at a rate not less than the yield on War Loan. At the present moment an embargo exists on the flotation of new foreign loans, but it is well known that there are plenty of borrowers, some of them of a good character, waiting for its removal to offer loans on very favourable terms. By widening the outlets for capital, the demand for gilt-edged stocks would then be eased with the concomitant of a rise in interest rates. The high cost of building entails much bigger sums for financing new construction. Private building of houses is almost exclusively for the purpose of selling and not for renting and the mortgage demand is unprecedented.

Other Considerations.

With the chances of appreciation receding, a movement of life assurance funds is already in progress from Stock Exchange securities into mortgages, and the reasonable probabilities are that investment yields for some time to come are likely to be maintained at round about their present levels. A further reduction of Income Tax would, of course, be most helpful to the life offices in keeping up their net rate, and it is the net rate that matters. Life assurance premiums, of course, include charges to cover expenses, but the actual expenditure is—in the case of the leading Companies—almost invariably below the percentage allowed for, and the saving represents an important contribution to the surplus. With the general rise in the cost of living, savings of this kind appeared likely to be reduced, but in consequence of the very large expansion of business, the expense ratio is steadily falling and is now often under the pre-War level. Longevity is increasing, and, needless to say, the longer the policy-holder lives, the more profitable the assurance office. Premium rates, however, are for the most part based on mortality tables compiled many years ago when hygienic and medical science had not reached their present perfection and the duration of human life was briefer. The difference between the expected incidence of mortality and the actual represents a considerable profit which may be expected to become larger rather than smaller. On the whole, therefore, and from this somewhat closer examination of some of the relevant facts, there appears to be no cause to fear any serious falling off from the recent high rates of life assurance bonuses excepting in so far as they may have been unduly connected with the re-appreciation of securities.

FINANCIAL NOTES

Nobel Industries.

The annual report of Nobel Industries, one of the largest of the industrial post-war combines, and possessing most varied interests, provides an excellent example of the way in which a financial position can be improved by sound financial methods. Little more than two years ago the Company's capital account was burdened with £3,000,000 of 8 per cent. Notes, but thanks to the way in which resources had been husbanded, these were largely paid off from accumulated funds and the balance by means of an issue of Debentures at 5½ per cent. The profits for 1923 bore the last instalment of interest payable on the notes and also the premium on their redemption, these two items coming to about £95,000. For 1924, the accounts for which year have just been issued, the only prior charge is that in respect of Debenture Interest, and the dividend on the Ordinary shares was increased by 1 per cent. to 9 per cent. The profit shown in the accounts at £1,003,402 was apparently £175,000 less than in the previous year, but the report rather suggests that substantial allocations for various purposes

A

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were made before arriving at the published profit figure, such allocations including the revision of the sterling cost values of certain foreign investments in consequence of sterling exchange now being brought back to parity by the Gold Standard. The accounts included no income for 1924 from the Company's South African subsidiary, as the new Company there had not declared a dividend out of its first year's profits. The Directors say that the current year will show some improvement in income from investments, and, notwithstanding the general industrial depression, they feel that the results for 1925 should be equally satisfactory to those of last year. The Balance Sheet certainly shows considerable accretion of strength, and no doubt the recent activity in the shares has been stimulated by the knowledge of the improvement in value which has recently taken place in some of its shareholdings, notably in Dunlop Rubbers and in the Common Stock of the General Motors Corporation of America.

* * * *

DIRECTION OF TRADE.

Glancing at the entire results of our foreign trade for the first half of the present year, it is satisfactory to note that commerce within the Empire has been well maintained, its proportion to trade as a whole having slightly increased. For the first half of last year, the proportion of Imports from our Oversea Dominions was about 30½ per cent. of the total trade, but this year it is over 31 per cent., while, as regards Exports, the proportion in value sent to the Empire was 43 per cent. for the first six months of this year as compared with just over 41 per cent. for the corresponding period of last year. Germany is now beginning to export here pretty heavily, and our imports from that country increased by about £10,000,000, although our exports to Germany were rather less than a year ago. The United States continues to increase its position as a creditor country so far as we are concerned, our imports from there for the six months amounting in value to £128,000,000, as against £112,000,000 for the first half of last year, while our exports to America increased by less than £3,000,000. It is clear that our exports of manufactured articles suffered materially during the six months by the disturbed conditions in the East and Far East.

A. W. K.

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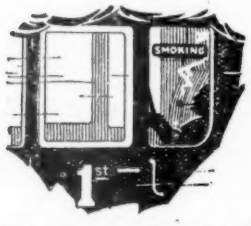

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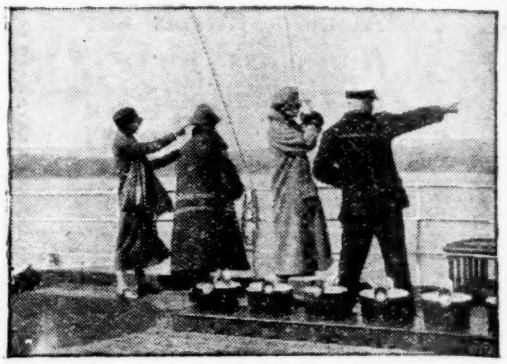

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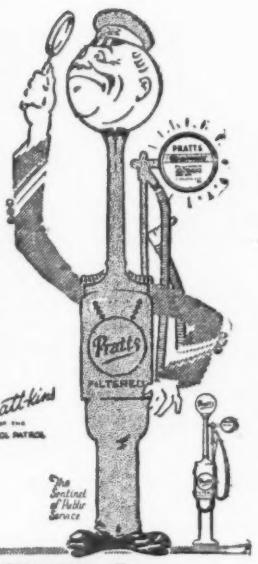

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Newcastle, Staffs.

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